The FINAL DESTINATION

FINAL DESTINATION 4

Revised Draft

1-11-08

NEW LINE CINEMA
PRACTICAL PICTURES

FINAL DESTINATION 4

1 OVER BLACK 1

We hear the throaty ROAR of a high powered engine smoothly shifting gears. As it WHINES to a fever pitch --

CUT TO:

-- the SPINNING TIRE of a race car. A frenzy of motion.

The CAMERA BOOMS UP to reveal the hood and windshield of a super modified car as it speeds down a --

EXT. race track - night

-- and we travel down past the car's side exhaust as it spits flame to find a SECOND CAR drafting behind it, nose to tail. Dangerous, but effective in that both cars can run faster than a single car this way.

As they speed OUT OF FRAME the CAMERA pushes through the rush of cars towards the inside wall, through the mesh of the metal perimeter fence and into the --

2 EXT. STANDS - IN THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS 2

FANS. Thousands of fans from every walk of life.

We settle on a group in their early 20s. LORI MILLIGAN sits next to her best friend JANET CUNNINGHAM. Lori wears an INDIANA STATE sweatshirt. Next to Janet is HUNT WYNORSKI, a handsome WASP in a "Hello Pussy" T-shirt.

JANET
Tell me again -- why did we choose this over seeing the movie?
(no answer)
Lori... LORI!

The ROAR of cars drowns her out.

LORI
What?!

Janet points to the track, comically shrugs, "why?"

Lori shouts over the deafening noise.

LORI (CONT'D)
It's the fastest, most dangerous sport on earth.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

JANET
What, like running with the bulls?

HUNT
If these guys lose focus for even a millisecond you scrape them off the fence with a shovel. Running with the bulls my ass.

JANET
Witty as ever, Hunt.
(to Lori)
Where the hell's your boyfriend with the food?

3 THE AISLE 3

From out of the access tunnel walks NICK O'BANNON, early 20s. He struggles to carry his overflowing tray of concessions as he carefully negotiates the steep stairs.

NICK
Hot sauce, coming through! Make way, lady with a baby!

A FAT MAN runs up the stairs, jostling him. His hand crushes a 32.oz coke, spilling ice down the steep stairs.

Nick, unable to see his feet, slips on the ice and barely manages to right himself without dumping his load. The people watching applaud and CHEER his balancing act.

NICK (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you.
(under his breath)
Nearly killed the baby...

4 THE ROW OF SEATS -- MOMENTS LATER 4

Nick hands the food to his friends.

LORI
Knew I loved you for some reason.

NICK
What's not to love?

Hunt and Janet raise their eyebrows -- *you really want to know?* Nick and Lori smile and kiss.

Nick sits down and CRACK! His seat breaks, ass sinking to the concrete.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

NICK (CONT'D)
Great.

Everyone laughs as Lori hoists him up.

HUNT
Time to lay off the Funions, Nick.

Hunt unscrews his "binoculars" and begins drinking from them. He offers them to Lori.

LORI
Jack Daniels?

HUNT
His buddy Jim.

Lori shakes her head, looks at Nick.

NICK
Maybe later.

The pretzel in Janet's lap slides onto the grimy floor. She snatches it up immediately.

HUNT
You really going to eat that?

JANET
Why not? Ten second rule.

HUNT
That's disgusting.

JANET
Please. You just want me to say "no" so you can have it.

HUNT
Wait -- "no" means 'yes" to you? Thank God!

Janet defiantly bites the pretzel and glares at him.

Meanwhile, Lori snuggles up to Nick as they eat their snacks and watch the race.

LORI
Thanks for making me take a study break. This is just what I needed.

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

NICK
You know, because a study break to you means eating nachos at a modified race, you're almost the perfect woman. At least to me.

LORI
(sweetly)
You're such a pussy.

A COWBOY takes his seat in front of Lori. His ten gallon hat blocks her view.

LORI (CONT'D)
Great. What am I missing?

JANET
A bunch of rednecks turning left.

The Cowboy turns around. Janet is mortified.

JANET (CONT'D)
No offense.

COWBOY
Wasn't offended until you said "no offense."
(to Lori)
Can you see, ma'am?

Lori politely shrugs "no".

NICK
Would you mind, sir? We'd appreciate it.

COWBOY
My apologies.

The Cowboy tips his hat and moves to an empty seat further down the row.

JANET
And I thought chivalry was dead.

LORI
(to Nick)
I've got my cowboy right here.

Nick grins and kisses her. A little too much tongue.

JANET
Get a room, guys.

4 CONTINUED: (3) 4

HUNT
(aside, to Janet)
Does it get itchy?

JANET
What?

HUNT
Your chastity belt.

Janet folds her arms across her chest.

JANET
No, but it tightens up when you're around.

LORI (O.S.)
Would you guys just fuck already?

5 THE PIT STALL 5

A RED RACE CAR screeches into the stall. The PIT CREW immediately swarms all over it -- changing tires, refueling, cleaning the windshield, etc.

CREW MEMBER #1 uses a screwdriver to adjust the down force.

CREW MEMBER #2 struggles to release the fuel nozzle. As he frantically pulls it, a jet of fuel shoots out.

Crew Member #1 leaves the screwdriver on the trunk of the car and lunges to help.

CLOSE ON -- the screwdriver as it rolls into the space between the rear window and the trunk lid.

Together, the crew members pull the nozzle out just as the hydraulic lifts drop the Red Car.

When the Red Car hits the ground, the driver guns the engine, tires smoking as it shoots back into the race.

As his teammates mop up spilled gas, Crew Member #2 looks for his screwdriver, confused.

6 THE STANDS 6

As the cars disappear once more, we hear a familiar THUD THUD clap, THUD THUD clap -- the crowd doing Queen's "We Will Rock You".

6 CONTINUED: 6

Lori takes a bite of Janet's pretzel.

Hunt rolls a lucky SILVER DOLLAR through his fingers as he discreetly glances at Janet's tits.

Nick, sitting uncomfortably in the broken seat, takes in his surroundings:

Overhead, the Sun Protection Overhang looms menacingly. TV cameras are positioned on the roof. The rusty girders, struts and support beams badly need a paint job.

An extremely hot SOCCER MILF with a large rack sits next to her HUSBAND. Their TWO KIDS (8 and 10) wince at the ear-splitting noise, hands pressed to their ears. The MILF digs through her purse.

The Overhang above shudders with every stomp. THUD THUD clap. THUD THUD clap. Dust falls from a cracked weld in the support beam into nick's eyes. *

HUNT (O.S.)
Now that's hilarious.

Nick braces for a wisecrack, then realizes Hunt's not making fun of him.

He's staring at the Soccer MILF'S kids, now enjoying the race, their ears plugged with white sticks of cotton with strings dangling from them -- tampons.

THUD THUD clap. THUD THUD clap. Fans do the Wave, jumping up when it comes to them and landing hard. Above, the crack grows with each thud.

Nick watches the Overhang sway a few inches.

NICK
Jesus. How old is this place?

But Hunt is screwing up his "binoculars" as he sees --

-- A BLACK SECURITY GUARD (we'll soon know him as GEORGE MINER) coming up the steep stairs, eyeing the crowd.

VOICE
(Southern drawl)
There goes the neighborhood.

Nick and Lori turn to see a RACIST, 30s, seated behind them. A faded 'Kramer' T-Shirt barely covers the Swastika tattoo on his arm. His feet are on the seat next to Hunt.

6 CONTINUED: (2) 6

The Racist whistles "Dixie" as the Black Security Guard approaches. His WIFE playfully elbows him.

WIFE
You're terrible.

The Security Guard stops at the Racist's cooler, which blocks the aisle.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir? You'll have to move this.

A tense beat. The Racist and the Security Guard lock eyes. Finally, the Racist slides the cooler away from the aisle and the Security Guard continues up the aisle.

The line of cars blazes towards their section with a ROAR. Janet winces from the deafening noise.

JANET
Is it safe to sit here? I mean, what happens if there's a crash?

NICK
We get our money's worth.

LORI
(bad dog)
Shut up!
(to Janet)
Don't worry, that's why they have the fences.

Janet looks at the soda in her hand. It VIBRATES with ripples as if a T-Rex were approaching.

7 ON THE TRACK 7

The Red Car maneuvers between the others at 220 m.p.h.

CLOSE ON -- the screwdriver between the rear window and the trunk lid, rattling crazily.

The Red Car makes a bold move to the outside track, whipping between two other cars.

The screwdriver is jarred loose, sliding off the trunk.

CLANK! It tumbles down the outside track, coming to rest near the wall, its neck bent dangerously.

8 THE SAFETY FENCE 8

As the cars roar by, a bolt VIBRATES, unscrewing slowly.

Below it is an empty screw. And on the ground, another large bolt rolls from the intense vibrations.

A SMALL HAND picks it up -- a KID looks at it with awe.

KID
Daddy, look what I found!

GRUFF VOICE (GEARHEAD)
Down in front, asshole!

The Kid runs off to Daddy.

9 THE STANDS 9

Janet looks bored, clearly not into the race.

Next to her, Hunt accidentally drops his Lucky Coin. It rolls between Janet's legs. She leans over to get it, giving Hunt a downblouse moment. He gets an eyeful.

JANET
What the hell is this thing?

HUNT
My lucky coin. I've got five hundred bucks riding on this race.

JANET
Five hundred dollars!?

HUNT
You know me... I like risk.

JANET
Yeah, I read all about that on whogivesashit.com.

Hunt "accidentally" drops the Coin again.

HUNT
Ooops! Call me novocaine hands.

He grins innocently as an annoyed Janet leans over to pick it up. But before he can take in her boobs --

GEARHEAD (O.C.)
Hey, buddy.

9 CONTINUED: 9

A GEARHEAD in a "Mid-West Customs" jacket seated in front of them has turned around. He has the face and body of a Hell's Angel, but the nonthreatening voice of Mike Tyson.

GEARHEAD (CONT'D)
Mind if my girl uses your binoculars?

His GIRLFRIEND doesn't look more than eighteen, head bopping to the music from her iPod.

HUNT
Well, they're not really...

The Girlfriend gives him a look -- *no shit* -- and grabs them. She unscrews the eyepiece and empties its contents.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Uh, sure... have all you want.

The Girlfriend swallows and hands the binocs back to Hunt.

GIRLFRIEND
You're a lifesaver.

The Gearhead nods his thanks and turns back to the race. Hunt looks at his empty "binocs" as Janet hands him his coin, smiling malevolently.

JANET
Yep, this thing works great.

HUNT
It does in the hands of someone deserving.

A trickle of beer pisses down on his wrist from above.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Hey!

10 THE OVERHANG ROOF 10

Two COLLEGE KIDS have snuck up there to watch the race. They are either drunk, high or both.

COLLEGE KID #1 laughs as COLLEGE KID #2 prepares to pour his cup of beer over the edge.

COLLEGE KID #1
Duuuuuuude!

11 THE STANDS 11

Hunt looks up and sees them peering down, laughing.

HUNT
Don't make me come up there, cocksuckers! I'll kick both your asses and order lunch!
(to his friends)
Teach 'em to fuck with me.

Hunt is immediately showered with beer.

As everyone around him LAUGHS, we CUT THROUGH:

12 THE PIT STALL 12

From nowhere, an ominous BREEZE buffets the Team Banner. It expands outward, pressing against a large, wheeled tool chest with enough force to cause it to roll slowly.

The corner of the chest knocks over a forgotten plastic oil container. A stream of oil starts gurgling onto the end of the pit road.

13 THE AISLE 13

A few rows up from our gang, a MAN with an Igloo Cooler pulls out the last beer and carelessly dumps gallons of ice water down the stairs.

14 THE STANDS 14

The ominous Breeze scatters trash into the aisles, carrying a Glossy Leaflet over several rows until it lands on Nick's lap.

It's a Memorial Program. The Breeze turns a few pages, featuring photo after photo of DEAD DRIVERS.

Nick shivers. *Weird.* He looks around and is unnerved by the sights around him:

- A GUY with a James Dean T-Shirt.

- A BABY wears pajamas covered in skulls.

- A MAN aggressively carves into an apple.

He listens to snatches of conversation around him:

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

RACIST
...like Death warmed over...

SOCCER MILF
...catch your Death of cold...

COWBOY
...the date crashed and burned...

GEARHEAD
...deadringer for Princess Di...

THUD THUD clap. THUD THUD clap. More dust falls.

CROWD
Blood on your face! Big disgrace!

Nick looks pale. Lori notices his expression.

LORI
You okay?

Nick laughs nervously.

NICK
Remember the night before your aunt died? That *feeling* you had? That something was, like... wrong?

LORI
Sure. Why?

NICK
I don't know. Just forget it.

Lori laughs and wraps an arm around him.

LORI
Poor baby. Are you nervous because we graduate in three weeks, you've got a job lined up, and you're gonna have to become an adult? Please... what could possibly be wrong?

Nick smiles, relieved by her sense of humor. He finishes his soda and stares at the clear cup.

For an instant, the remaining shaved ice forms a skull-shape darkened by soda residue... then it collapses on itself.

Next to him, Hunt is shaking out his jacket. He looks up at the balcony. The College Kids give him a wave.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

HUNT
Keep laughing, you bastards.
You're dead! You hear me? Dead!

Nick stares at Hunt, overwhelmed by a terrible feeling.

15 EXT. PIT ROAD - CONTINUOUS 15

A VERIZON-sponsored RACE CAR peels out on fresh tires.

His right wheels hit the spilled oil.

Instantly, he's veering a hard right onto --

THE TRACK

-- nearly t-boning the LEAD CAR and forcing it into the outside lane, where it skids into --

-- the bent screwdriver near the wall.

BOOM! The tire explodes into shards of hot rubber. And at 220 m.p.h., the Lead Car loses control and fishtails into the wall, grinding out a fountain of sparks.

16 THE STANDS 16

Every fan jumps to their feet, awestruck.

The Gearhead's Girlfriend jumps up on her seat.

GEARHEAD
What are you doing?

GIRLFRIEND
I can't see!

17 THE TRACK 17

The Lead Car's driver overcompensates, turning the wheel too hard. The Lead Car overturns into a terrifying barrel roll down the speedway.

CRACK! The right front wheel breaks off and launches itself fifty feet in the air.

18 THE OVERHANG ROOF 18

The College Kids instinctively duck as the wheel flies over their heads, disappearing into the parking lot.

19 THE TRACK 19

The wheel-less Lead Car hurtles through the air end-over-end until it finally crashes into the restraining fence at top speed, tearing two whole sections of safety fence off its posts.

Metal SHRIEKS as fence bolts tear loose from their supports, shoot into --

20 THE STANDS 20

-- and rip through the neck of the Gearhead's Girlfriend.

Her head twists on the remaining rope of neck tissue before her lifeless body collapses like a rag doll, arterial blood spurting in tapered pulses.

A YELLOW FLAG is raised as thick smoke instantly blankets the track. We HEAR cars skidding blindly.

The crowd in Nick's section panics as the smoking Lead Car sitting in the front two rows bursts into flames.

There's a STAMPEDE for the exits. Nick tries to lead.

NICK
Come on!

But there's nowhere to run. FANS jam the aisles, trampling those who have fallen.

Nick protects Lori from the panicked masses. Hunt does the same for Janet.

Oddly, the Racist and his Wife calmly stand and wait.

The middle of the rows have emptied out enough so the Father can help his two kids walk over seats like a staircase. The Soccer MILF follows behind.

Seeing this, our gang starts to climb over seats as well.

NICK (CONT'D)
Let's go go go go!

20 CONTINUED: 20

Hunt and Janet get separated from Nick and Lori as everyone pushes ahead, slipping on the spilled Igloo ice.

This is humanity at its worst.

21 THE TRACK 21

The smoke makes it impossible for the remaining cars to see ten feet in front of them.

The collisions violently escalate.

22 THE STANDS 22

We HEAR cars collide, but the wall of smoke cuts off any view of the track.

With a metallic SHRIEK, Nick sees a car hood, shorn from its owner, frisbee from the smoke into the stands --

-- where it cuts the Racist and his Wife into halves.

Meanwhile, the Father has managed to help his two kids to safety at the top of the stairwell.

The Soccer MILF, unable to keep up because her skirt impedes her progress, loses sight of her family.

SOCCER MILF
Edward?! Wait for me!

Fighting her tight skirt, she catches her heeled-shoe into Nick's broken seat and faceplants onto the seat back, knocking out several teeth.

Bleeding profusely, she rolls over just as an engine block sails out of the thick smoke and lands on her.

Shrieking, she burns her hands trying to shove 600 pounds of hot metal off her crushed lower body.

Nearby, the Gearhead kneels by his dead Girlfriend until a MASSIVE COLLISION into the retaining wall forces him to run. He makes his way past the flaming Lead Car but it finally explodes, consuming him in a huge ball of fire.

After a brief moment, the Gearhead, now fully ablaze himself, darts out of the inferno toward the exits, setting another PERSON on fire before collapsing.

23 THE OVERHANG ROOF 23

The College Dudes watch with both horror and amazement, one of them snapping away at the carnage with his cell phone while the other grips the edge of the roof.

COLLEGE KID#1
Duuuuuuuuuuuuude!

24 THE STANDS 24

Nick and Lori clamber to the uppermost section row and run left to get to the exit at the aisle.

But they can't make it over the tangled mass of panicked fans clogging the aisle, desperate to get out.

SECURITY GUARD (O.C.)
Up here!

Nick looks up to see the Security Guard reaching down to help hoist them above the concrete rear wall.

Nick helps lift Lori until she's gripping the Security Guard's hand. A moment later, she's over.

Nick looks around. *Where are the others?*

NICK
Hunt! Janet!

SECURITY GUARD
You, now!

Nick hesitates, but allows himself to be rescued next.

He looks back and sees the Cowboy climbing up the seats when an ENTIRE CAR sails out of the smoke, slams into him and crushes his body into the concrete pillar supporting the Overhang.

The Overhang shudders violently.

25 THE OVERHANG ROOF 25

The section holding up the College Dudes gives way.

26 THE STANDS 26

The College Dudes plummet to their deaths, breaking their necks and backs on the seats below.

Above, the crack in the Overhang support beam spiderwebs.

Hunt and Janet appear in the middle of the section. They see their friends on the other side of the wall.

HUNT
Nick!

NICK
Come on!

But before Hunt and Janet move, there's a thunderous crack as the entire Overhang collapses onto the crowd below.

Hunt and Janet vanish in the explosion of rubble and dust.

LORI
Janet!

The Father and his crying kids look for the Soccer MILF.

FATHER
Samantha!

As Nick runs into the concourse he realizes Lori isn't with him. He turns to find her helping the Security Guard save other people.

NICK
What are you doing? Come on!

LORI
We have to help!

Before Nick can respond, the Car that hit the concrete pillar explodes in a massive fireball.

Nick'S POV -- SLOW MO -- a roiling inferno consumes the Security Guard and Lori as she reaches for him.

The shock wave from the blast hurls Nick into the air.

The CAMERA follows as he tumbles and is impaled on a tangle of twisted rebar, the bloody metal rod extending from his back in oh-so-delicious 3D.

26 CONTINUED: 26

A quick beat, and we rush into the end of the rod and --

SMASH CUT TO:

27 CLOSE ON -- NICK'S EYE 27

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL Nick standing in the row next to Lori, arms filled with concessions. Sweating. Pale.

LORI (O.C.)
Knew I loved you for some reason.

NICK
What...?

Nick realizes he's next to Lori in the packed stands.

He absently passes the loaded tray to her, entranced by the faces in the crowd he's somehow seen before.

LORI
Something wrong?

Something is wrong, but Nick can't make any sense of it.

As he takes his seat -- CRACK! It breaks and his ass falls to the concrete floor.

Lori laughs, hoisting him up.

LORI (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

NICK
No... I...

HUNT
Time to lay off the Funions, Nick.

Okay, *that's* no coincidence. He watches Hunt unscrew his "binoculars" and begin drinking.

LORI
Jack Daniels?

NICK
... his buddy Jim.

Hunt looks at Nick, annoyed.

HUNT
Hey! You been in my stash?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

Nick looks around, confused. *What the fuck is going on?*

He taps the chair in front of Lori's seat.

NICK
A cowboy in a hat... sits here.

Hunt sees that Nick's in another world.

HUNT
Dude -- you totally smoked out and didn't break me off a piece. Dick.

The deafening engine ROAR makes it impossible to comment when the COWBOY suddenly takes a seat in front of Lori.

Nick's got their attention now. He points at the Soccer MILF, who rummages through her purse --

NICK
Tampons. She gets tampons.

-- and pulls out four tampons.

JANET
How'd you know she was gonna do that?

HUNT
No, he... How *did* you do that?

LORI
(making light)
I told you he had special powers.
(to Nick)
Come on, do it again!

We hear a familiar THUD THUD clap, THUD THUD clap -- the crowd doing Queen's "We Will Rock You".

Nick, spooked, looks up as the Overhang shudders with every stomp. THUD THUD clap. THUD THUD clap.

Nick, his world rocked, struggles to remember until he sees the Security Guard coming up the stairs.

NICK
(thinking)
Dixie? No, down... something...

LORI
Dixie? Who's Dixie?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

NICK
(remembers)
Down in front, asshole...

The GEARHEAD uses his hands like a megaphone.

GEARHEAD
Down in front, asshole!

They look at Nick with a mix of awe and apprehension.

RACIST (O.C.)
There goes the neighborhood.

As the Security Guard gets closer, the Racist whistles "Dixie." Lori catches it.

LORI
(frightened)
...look away, look away
Dixieland...

HUNT
Dude, there's serious money to be made here.

Nick ignores him as he searches the track.

Nick'S POV -- the VERIZON CAR roars in for a pit stop.

A chilling realization washes over him.

NICK
We have to get out of here.

HUNT
What? No way. I got a lot riding on this race.

NICK
We're gonna die if we don't leave right now! I'm not kidding!

28 PIT STOP 28

Hydraulic lifts raise the Verizon Car.

29 THE STANDS 29

Nick tries to get Lori, Hunt and Janet out of there.

29 CONTINUED: 29

NICK
There's going to be a crash. We all get killed!

HUNT
Quit shoving me already!

Everyone looks at Nick as if he were crazy. Frantic, Nick thinks of a new angle.

NICK
Hey! There's a bomb in the stands. We have to leave right now!

GEARHEAD
That ain't funny, kid.

Nick reaches over, smacks the Gearhead in the ear and hops into the aisle.

NICK
How funny is that, shithead?

The Gearhead is on his feet, angrily moving after Nick.

LORI
What are you doing!?

Lori runs after Nick, with Hunt and Janet close behind.

30 PIT STOP 30

The fuel nozzle is inserted into the Verizon Car.

Rivet guns go to work. Tires are pulled off.

31 THE STANDS 31

The Cars enter the turn, getting LOUDER.

The Gearhead chases Nick to where the Soccer MILF and her family are sitting. Nick grabs their Brookstone picnic basket and hurls it toward the exit.

HUSBAND
Hey!

The Kids run off to fetch the basket, tampons and all.

SOCCER MILF
Ryan! Luke! Get back here!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

It's too loud to hear her. Both the Soccer MILF and the Father are up at once, chasing their kids down.

The Gearhead catches up to Nick, ready to deck him, but Hunt manages to grab his arm before a punch is launched.

The Security Guard hurries down the stairs towards them.

SECURITY GUARD
All right, everyone cool it!

Desperate, Nick turns towards the track.

Nick'S POV -- the Verizon car peels out into the race.

Nick freaks out. This is it! He ducks around the Gearhead, spills the beer out of the Racist's hand onto his pants, and runs like hell.

NICK
Everyone out! You're gonna die!

Nick jumps over the seats towards the exit with Lori, Hunt and Janet, all of them being chased by the Gearhead, his Girlfriend, the Racist and the Security Guard.

32 EXT. SPEEDWAY PARKING LOT - NIGHT 32

Nick bursts through an emergency gate, turning to make sure his friends are following behind.

They make it outside moments later.

HUNT
Dude, what the fuck?

JANET
Are you insane?

Lori grabs Nick by the shoulders, trying to calm him.

LORI
Nick, it's okay. We're fine.

The Security Guard arrives just in time to keep the Racist and the Gearhead couple from kicking Nick's ass. As they YELL and ARGUE, Nick is frantic.

NICK
Why didn't they follow me? They're all going to die in the crash!

This gets the Security Guard's attention.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

SECURITY GUARD
Whoa, hold up now. What crash?

Then we hear the DISTANT SOUND of the Lead Car scraping the wall... the crowds SCREAMING... a CRASH.

The Security Guard turns to Nick, incredulous.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
How the hell did you..?

RACIST
Are you shittin' me? Why do you think I come to these things!

The Racist turns to run back inside, but the Security Guard yanks him so hard he falls on his ass.

RACIST (CONT'D)
My wife's in there, asshole!

SECURITY GUARD
No one goes anywhere!
(to Nick)
Son, you better have a good explanation for this.

GIRLFRIEND
Have you all lost your fucking--

SPLAT! The Gearhead's Girlfriend is flattened by the tire that had sailed over the grandstands.

The Gearhead, drenched in his Girlfriend's innards, SCREAMS in horror as another EXPLOSION rocks the stadium.

Nick and his friends stand in shock as the lucky people run SCREAMING from the building as the sound of EXPLOSIONS builds to a crescendo...

33 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 33

A group of KIDS mill about outside a standard college bar, with neon signs and beer banners in the windows.

34 INT. BAR - NIGHT 34

As in all the FD movies, we see gloomy faces of COLLEGE KIDS. In the B.G., however, some assholes are making a racket. We MOVE PAST the College Kids to find --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

-- Nick, Lori, Janet and Hunt being rowdy, clearly excited and relieved at being alive.

HUNT
You see that girl? Fucking *owned*, man. Wish I had my camera phone. Total five star YouTube moment!

LORI
Don't be an douche.

NICK
Think about it. If I had the runs this morning, you'd all be dead.

Everyone laughs but Janet. She looks at Nick, spooked.

JANET
How can you just... doesn't this scare you? What happened wasn't a coincidence. It was *supernatural*.

NICK
Come on. It was dumb luck, that's all. I'm sure other people had some kind of gut feeling, too.

JANET
Maybe you should see a doctor.

HUNT
To get what? Anti-premonissants? Delirium cream?

LORI
(sing-song)
Dou-ouche!

HUNT
What? What did I do?

NICK
Well, thank God it happened. Who knows? Maybe I even saved a few lives.

HUNT
He's right. It's like a sign we're supposed to live for the moment.
(clears his throat)
For example. Janet, I've always found you quite attractive.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

HUNT (CONT'D)
Rather than grow old not knowing, I want to know how you feel about giving me a blowjob.

Even Nick and Lori have to laugh. But Janet glares at him -- *never going to happen.*

HUNT (CONT'D)
Had to try.

The mood becomes somber as the TV's around them switch to CNN. Footage of the NASCAR CRASH. Real bodies lined up in bags. The SCROLL updates the Death Toll: 52 Dead.

A quiet beat, then:

HUNT (CONT'D)
(oblivious)
Bitch was *owned!!!*

Hunt's hand shoots up for a high-five. This time, Nick leaves him hanging. It's suddenly become real to him.

NICK
At least we're alive. And I for one plan on making the most of it.

Nick raises his beer. They all join him in a toast.

35 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 35

A typical apartment for college couples ready to move on.

Nick is absorbed in the latest crash reports on CNN as Lori works on an architectural model of a shopping mall.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
... raised to 63 fatalities thus far. A memorial will be held Nickorrow for the victims' families at St. Joseph's Cathedral.

LORI
(looking up)
I think we should go.

NICK
Yeah. It seems like the right thing to do.

ON SCREEN -- portraits of VICTIMS we've never met.

Nick considers the images, then looks at Lori working.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

NICK (CONT'D)
You know, after yesterday I feel like a walking rabbit's foot. And it made me think I was playing it too safe. So how about we say "fuck it" to the post graduation plans and backpack around the world like we talked about?

LORI
Are you serious?

NICK
You only live once, right? I mean, the world can wait six months for another new shopping mall. And Lord knows it can wait for another low level broker.

Janet looks at her model for a moment. Easy decision.

LORI
Let's do it.

NICK
I knew I loved you for a reason.

As Nick and Lori knock fists, PUSH INTO the TV.

ON SCREEN -- the Racist's Wife's photo fills the screen. She's featured as one of the dead.

A flash of lightning. A CRACK of thunder.

CUT TO:

The rain comes down in buckets outside a --

36 EXT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING 36

-- as Nick and Lori, dressed in black, hustle inside.

37 INT. CATHEDRAL - LATER THAT MORNING 37

A large memorial is underway. News crews shoot discreetly from the back. Nick and Lori are sitting nearby.

At the podium is the Security Guard, dressed in a simple black suit, shakily reading a eulogy.

37 CONTINUED: 37

SECURITY GUARD
Five years ago, I lost my wife and daughter in a car accident. Gone forever was the sound of their laughter, their beauty and grace in the face of adversity. And for a while I blamed God. Now I'm grateful for the short time we had together, because I now know they never left me, that they live on in my heart and memories...

As he takes his seat, the CHOIR sings 'Amazing Grace'.

Sitting in the front row, the Racist glares at him with unabashed loathing.

The Soccer MILF looks at her son Ryan, whose tapping leg is shaking the pew. She presses down on his knee -- *stop*.

Uncomfortable with the ceremony, Nick turns his attention to the church interior and the ghastly depictions of the Twelve Stations of Christ.

Unnerved, he looks away, only to see a depiction of Christ with a Bloody Crown of Thorns.

Then an image of Christ Being Flogged. It's brutal.

In fact, everywhere he looks there is violent imagery -- Christ Falling, Nailed to the Cross, the horrific Crucifixion, etc.

Finally, Nick looks to a stained glass window. Judas smirks from the tableau as the wind outside blow sheets of rain against the glass.

Nick'S POV -- the stained glass shudders, like film coming loose from its sprockets.

The singing becomes MUFFLED and HOLLOW. Time seems to stop. Mesmerized, Nick stares as the image wows and intensifies. Then suddenly --

LORI
Hey, wake up. It's over.

Startled, Nick realizes the Choir has finished and the CROWD is quietly milling about, no one sure what to say.

He shakes off the bizarre vision. *What just happened?*

He looks at the MOURNERS. All the photos of the dead. She takes his hand, comforting.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

LORI (CONT'D)
We should go.

But as they turn to leave they move directly into the path of the Gearhead. Menacing, even in a suit. He looks like he's trying to say something.

Nick backs away, unsettled.

A hand TAPS his shoulder, startling him. Nick turns to find the Soccer MILF standing with her Husband.

SOCCER MILF
(awkward)
I was hoping you'd come. I wanted to thank you. If you hadn't thrown our basket...

NICK
Look, anyone would have--

HUSBAND
You *knew*. How did you know it was going to happen?

SOCCER MILF
Out of all the people you could have saved, you chose *us*. Why?

The question hangs.

NICK
I... I don't know.

There's a BUZZ in the air. STRANGERS start murmuring, looking at Nick. Lori hears snatches of conversation.

STRANGERS
That's him... he's the one ... saw it happen ... saw death coming...

Now the Security Guard comes over.

SECURITY GUARD
You left before we could talk.

NICK
I'm sorry.

SECURITY GUARD
It's okay. I just need to ask you--

RACIST (O.S.)
You killed my wife.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3) 37

The Security Guard turns to find the Racist behind him.

RACIST (CONT'D)
I wanted to go back for her, but you... you...

The Security Guard looks honestly pained.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm so, so sorry.

RACIST
Nobody lives forever, nigger.

NICK
Hey! There's no need for--

RACIST
(to Nick, vicious)
Back off, you fucking freak!
(to Security Guard)
Your time is coming, chocolate.

The Racist abruptly turns away, wiping his eyes. His steel-clamped jackboots clack away on the wooden floor.

The BUZZ continues. People stare at Nick. Another CRACK of thunder. The hall lights flicker.

Nick stares at the Racist's jackboots. Things become decidedly surreal...

SLO-MO on the jackboots walking across the floor...

KA-KLICK... KA-KLICK...

All other sounds FADE as his steps echo in the hall...

KA-KLICK... KA-KLICK...

Suddenly, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

A SONIC ASSAULT of horrifying SCREAMS, CLANKING chains, and roaring ENGINES accompanies a series of images:

-- a Magic Eight Ball drops THROUGH FRAME into blackness.

-- shimmering arcs of water dance across a dark sky.

-- a white cross rises out of a pool of roiling flame. Suddenly, blackened arms burst from the fire and grab it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4) 37

A final SCREAM of terror and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

38 INT. NICK AND LORI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 38

Nick awakens with a SHOUT. Lori rolls over, concerned.

LORI
Easy babe, it's just a nightmare.

NICK
Jesus... it was so real. Like the race track, but random... it makes no sense...
(shrugging it off)
It's probably just a brain tumor.

LORI
You ain't getting off that easy. You owe half the rent.

Nick laughs. We see how good they are together.

NICK
The truth comes out.

LORI
Oh, I could cover it myself. I only keep you around for the sex.

Nick's pleased as she aggressively peels his shirt off.

39 EXT. SECURITY GUARD'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 39

A battered Tow Truck weaves down the suburban street. On its door is the emblem "LifeLine Towing".

It slows in front of a modest, two story house. Despite fresh paint and a manicured lawn, a decrepit jungle gym and tether ball indicate that all is not well.

The Tow Truck suddenly ROARS away in a cloud of exhaust.

40 INT. SECURITY GUARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 40

Sparse and tidy. Like a family moved out long ago. Pictures of the Security Guard with a wife and daughter line the walls.

40 CONTINUED: 40

The Security Guard sits on a folding chair holding a book, head bowed. A beat, then his watch ALARM goes off.

SECURITY GUARD
God, I offer myself to thee. To build with me and do with me as thou wilt.

The phone RINGS. The Security Guard closes his book -- 'The Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous' -- and answers.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Hi, mom... No, everything's fine. Go back to sHuntp... Okay, what was your dream?

41 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 41

The Tow Truck kills its headlights and parks in the shadows a few doors away from the Security Guard's house.

42 IN THE TRUCK 42

It's the Racist. He shoves the Truck into 'neutral' and glares at the Security Guard's house. A light goes on in a second story window.

The truck interior is filthy. A Magic Eight ball hangs from the rearview mirror. The car idles roughly, its engine COUGHING and LURCHING.

RACIST
Don't die on me, fucker.

The Racist turns the radio on to some shitkicker station. Then he places a six pack of Hice beer on the dashboard, cracks one open, and settles in.

43 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 43

Nick and Lori are in the throes of passion.

The window is closed. And yet a mysterious BREEZE appears, blowing a calendar on the wall.

And like a wraith, the Breeze moves through the room:

-- an architecture book flutters open, landing on an etching of men executed at Medieval gallows.

43 CONTINUED: 43

-- a LET'S GO EUROPE tour guide opens to a B&W photo of the showers at Auschwitz, famous cemeteries.

-- a newspaper opens to crime scene pictures of a dead couple. The headline screams, "**Murder-Suicide**".

44 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - LATER 44

The last light turns off at the Security Guard's house.

45 INSIDE THE TRUCK 45

The Racist drains his beer and throws the can into a pile of empties on the floor of the shotgun seat. With a BELCH, he turns off the radio and exits the truck.

As he slams the door, the two remaining full beers on the dashboard shift slightly, trembling as the truck idles.

46 OUTSIDE THE TRUCK 46

As he pulls a makeshift cross (two boards nailed together crookedly) from the back of the Truck, he accidentally snags the release lever, causing the heavy hook and chain to drop from the towing boom.

CLANK! It hits the ground and unspools, RATTLING noisily.

RACIST
Sonofa...

The Racist ignores it and pulls out a gas can and shovel. His booze-addled mind, however, can't figure out how to carry all three and he ends up LOUDLY dropping them all.

RACIST (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

He decides to leave the gas can in the back, and drags the cross and shovel towards the Security Guard's house.

47 EXT. SECURITY GUARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 47

Distant wind chimes RING eerily. CREAKING branches give the feeling something could leap out at any moment.

The Racist props up the cross against the weathered tether ball pole and starts to dig a hole in the yard.

48 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 48

Nick and Lori make love, bathed in the blood red glow of the clock radio, oblivious as the creepy Breeze works its way through the room.

A bendy straw rests precariously from the mouth of a 7-UP can on the night stand. The Wind tips the straw out further and it falls onto the clock radio. Several drops of liquid from the straw seep into the radio's vents.

The clock radio starts flashing random numbers, clearly shorting out.

49 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - LATER 49

The empty Tow Truck idles noisily in the shadows.

Suddenly, the ominous BREEZE passes through the car, even though all the windows are up.

It scatters papers and causes the Magic Eight Ball to swing on its string until it breaks.

The Eight Ball drops onto the radio, turning the power on. Social Distortion's "Ball and Chain" starts BLARING.

The Eight Ball bounces into the seat well and settles.

CLOSE ON -- in the window of the Eight Ball, the words "IT IS CERTAIN" resolve from the bluish liquid.

50 EXT. SECURITY GUARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

The Racist is digging the hole when he hears the radio from the Truck echoing down the street.

RACIST
What the hell?

As he drunkenly stumbles toward the sidewalk, he trips over a sprinkler head and faceplants.

RACIST (CONT'D)
(clenched teeth)
Fuck you fuck you fuck you.

He sits up and angrily tosses the shovel, mistakenly hitting the cross leaning against the tether ball pole.

50 CONTINUED: 50

The cross tips over, catching the tether ball with enough force to strain, then snap, its weathered rope.

The tether ball shoots across the yard into the control for the auNickatic sprinklers on the side of the house.

PSHHHHHH! The sprinklers go off, soaking the Racist.

51 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - LATER 51

The radio BLARES as the Truck engine COUGHS, nearly stalls, then RATTLES back to life, causing the two full beers to fall off the dashboard.

An eyelet of the plastic six-pack rings loops onto the steering column mounted gear shift. The weight of the remaining beers knocks it into 'drive'. This also causes the doors to auNickatically lock.

The Truck lurches forward down the street, noisily pulling the chain and hook behind it.

The Racist stumbles onto the sidewalk in front of the house, shaking off sprinkler water, livid.

Then he sees the runaway Truck making its way towards him, radio at FULL VOLUME, picking up speed.

RACIST
Oh, shit!

The Racist runs to the Truck and tries the door, but it's locked. The Truck gets away from him.

The Racist drunkenly runs after it. He doesn't notice the chain rattling behind the truck until the large hook at its end catches his jackboot, flips him violently onto his back and pulls him down the street.

RADIO
...Take away, take away, take away this ball and chain...

52 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 52

The Clock Radio suddenly BLARES an acoustic cover of 'Ball And Chain", startling Nick and Lori.

CLOCK RADIO
...Well I'm lonely and I'm dying and I can't take anymore pain...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

He slaps the radio silent and stares at it -- *how did that happen?* Lori lures him back with a kiss...

The clock radio starts bizarrely flashing "**1:80**".

53 EXT. SECURITY GUARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 53

The Racist SCREAMS as he's dragged by the ankle. Then the Truck hits a bump. The Gas Can tips over, pouring its contents into the truck bed and out the back. It splashes down the length of the chain.

As the Truck picks up speed, the spray of gasoline soaks the Racist. Then the chain dragging along the pavement begins to shoot SPARKS.

RACIST
Goddamn motherfucking cocksucking!

Lights come on all over the neighborhood. PEOPLE open front doors and peer out windows.

The Security Guard exits his house in his pajamas. He's puzzled to see a cross on his front lawn next to a hole. And why are his sprinklers on?

Then the Racist is dragged right by his house --

SECURITY GUARD
Oh my God!

-- just as the sparks ignite the gas.

WHOOSH! Flames roar along the soaked chain. On one end, the truck becomes an inferno. On the other, the Racist bursts into flame.

The Security Guard calls out to neighbors.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Call 911!

He runs after the Tow Truck to try and save the Racist.

BOOM! The Tow Truck explodes, the percussive blast stopping him in his tracks.

THWAP! A smoking, stump-filled jackboot lands at his feet.

FADE OUT/IN:

54 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 54

The TV blares as Lori eats cereal and reads the paper. In the bathroom, Nick brushes his teeth in his boxers.

The phone RINGS. Lori answers.

LORI
Hey Janet, how -- what?

Lori listens, frowns. Then she turns the channel.

ON SCREEN -- a news report. FANFARE over a graphic reading: "Tragic Death!" B-ROLL shows Paramedics loading a body into an ambulance.

Followed by a plastic bag roughly the size of a boot.

The ANCHORWOMAN appears, blow dried and bleached.

ANCHORWOMAN
... a veteran of the Vietnam War and member of the local PTA and NRA chapters, Carter Daniels lived quietly in Fort Wayne.

Lori turns up the volume and motions for Nick, phone still at her ear.

LORI
Nick! Come here, quick!

He spits in the sink and joins her.

NICK
What is it? What's wrong?

LORI
Shh!

ANCHORWOMAN
Police won't comment on how Daniels was killed, but foul play has been ruled out at this time.

ON SCREEN -- a foot-wide bloody smear leads up to a charred chain attached to the trailer hitch of a truck.

55 INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 55

Still in her messy bed, Janet trembles at the newscast on her small TV as she speaks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

JANET
Keep watching.

56 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 56

ON SCREEN -- the Racist's photo is prominently featured.

Nick and Lori watch, stunned.

ANCHORWOMAN
Ironically, Carter's wife was killed just days ago at the Indianapolis crash which shocked the nation.

LORI
Oh my God! We just saw him.

Nick is about to comment when he's startled by:

ON SCREEN -- oddly familiar images of sprinklers spraying against the night sky... the white cross laying on the lawn... the Tow Truck burning intensely...

Nick clicks off the TV, unsettled.

NICK
The news sucks.

His attention turns to Lori's shopping mall model.

It shudders strangely, like the stained glass did at the memorial service. Then the roof collapses!

SMASH CUT TO:

METALLIC SCISSORING sounds underscore images of:

-- liquid SIZZLING as it hits a hot metal surface.

-- a SMEAR of clear gel landing on an invisible plane.

-- an eye opening. Its white fills with blood. Then the image SHATTERS like a mirror as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

Nick lurches backwards, shielding his face. Lori looks at him, alarmed.

LORI
(into phone)
I gotta go. I'll call you later.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Lori hangs up and rushes to Nick's side, worried.

LORI (CONT'D)
What is it? What's wrong?

Completely freaked out, Nick tries to gather himself.

NICK
I don't know. I'm having these weird... visions or something. But they don't make any sense. It's like something bad is gonna happen. I--I guess the crash messed me up more than I thought.
(beat)
Who'd have thought I could get more messed up?

Lori laughs and hugs him.

LORI
Such a drama queen. Everything's gonna be okay. It's all over.

But we can see neither one really believes it.

FADE OUT/IN:

57 EXT. STRIP MALL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 57

The SOCCER MILF, whose name is SAMANTHA, drives her wagon into the parking lot and settles into a space.

RYAN and LUKE jump out in their soccer uniforms. They start chucking rocks at the Parking Signs lining the grass median.

They nearly hit a GREENS MAN as he pours gasoline into a driving mower. The long ash from his cigarette dangles above the open tank as he barks at them.

GREENS MAN
Are you kids stupid *and* blind?

Samantha almost confronts him, but reconsiders.

SAMANTHA
Ryan, Luke, *let's go.*

LUKE
O-*kay.*

Luke throws one last stone at a sign and runs after her.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

The stone lands on the grass.

58 EXT. HAIR SALON - MOMENTS LATER 58

Samantha stops at the front door of a hair salon called 'Curl Up And Dye'. She pulls two twenty dollar bills out of her purse and gives it to the boys.

SAMANTHA
Go play videogames or something and come back in an hour, okay?

LUKE
Right on!

The boys snatch the money and bolt down the sidewalk.

Samantha looks tired.

59 INT. HAIR SALON - DAY 59

A MUZAK rendition of "Eye Of The Tiger" plays in the b.g.

There's a reception desk and seating area strewn with dog-eared magazines. On the wall behind the reception desk are three tiered shelves filled with hair products.

Hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room are comically large, kitschy reproductions of a pair of scissors, a hair curler and a comb.

Three cutting stations line the left wall. On the right wall in the back are two sinks for washing hair.

A small ASIAN WOMAN sweeps the floor.

Samantha approaches CHARLENE, the large woman behind the receptionist desk.

SAMANTHA
Hey, Charlene. Sorry I'm so late. I had a five o'clock with Richard.

CHARLENE
Oh, didn't we call you? Richard's out today. Someone got killed on his block. Dragged down the street on fire. Isn't that terrible?

SAMANTHA
Tragic. So... my appointment? Is there anyone who can help me out?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

CHARLENE
Um... it's ten of six. And we close at six.

SAMANTHA
I know, I'm sorry. The soccer game ran long. But if I don't get done today, it'll be another month before I have the time. My roots are awful. Please?

Charlene considers her, then sighs.

AT THE CUTTING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

WHOMP! A cape is whipped around a concerned Samantha.

DEEDEE, a sullen Goth chick covered in tattoos and body jewelry, secures it tightly around her neck.

DeeDee's hair is fuscia. Samantha eyes it warily.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D) *
So... DeeDee. How long have you been doing hair?

DEEDEE
Long enough.

THUNKTHUNKTHUNK! DeeDee ratchets up the chair with the foot pump. Samantha sags at her misfortune.

DeeDee rolls a small cart laden with cups of bleaching chemicals next to the chair. The cups RATTLE and CLANK.

Suddenly, the chair drops six inches. CH-CHUNK!

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
Goddamn chair. I've told them to fix it a million times!

She pumps the chair to full height again, then grabs a pair of gloves from the counter. The hand mirror resting beneath the gloves falls off the counter. DeeDee just manages to catch it before it shatters.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
Wow. Almost seven years bad luck.

She hangs the mirror on its hook and pulls on the gloves. Samantha looks sick.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

The Asian Woman arrives at Samantha's chair and holds up a plastic caddy filled with sharp instruments.

ASIAN WOMAN
Pedicure?

MOMENTS LATER

Eyes closed, Samantha tries to relax as the Asian Woman trims her toe cuticle with sharp nippers.

DeeDee wraps pieces of foil in Samantha's hair, using a small brush to apply the bleach mix from the cup.

A small drop of bleach collects on the edge of the foil just above Samantha's closed eye.

DeeDee doesn't notice as she continues to work.

The Asian woman grabs an even sharper instrument, and whittles away under and around the nail.

The drop of bleach gets fatter.

Samantha opens her eyes --

SAMANTHA
Are you almost... hey...

-- and sees the dangling drop of bleach.

Suddenly, there's a loud BANG!

Startled, the Asian Woman JAMS the tool deep under the Samantha's nail.

Samantha SHRIEKS in pain and jerks back.

CLOSE ON -- the drop of bleach as it shakes loose and falls <u>just in front of Samantha's wide eye</u>, streaking instead down her cheek like a tear.

Everyone freezes. A bead of blood wells from her toe.

ASIAN WOMAN
(horrified)
So sorry! I never do before!

Samantha takes a few breaths to calm herself as she shakily wipes the bleach off her cheek.

Charlene sheepishly picks up the broom she dropped and rests it against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3) 59

Samantha gives her a look, then turns to Asian Woman.

SAMANTHA
You know what? I think I'm good.

LATER

Charlene wipes down the sinks, cleaning so they can close. The Asian Woman is gone.

DeeDee positions the portable hair dryer over Samantha's head. Samantha looks nervously at the foil wraps framing her face.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D) *
DeeDee, can I get a washcloth for my eyes? And a glass of water?

DeeDee gives her an annoyed look.

DEEDEE
We're out of snacks, in case you wanted any.

SAMANTHA
(oblivious)
Oh, that's okay. Water's fine.

60 AT THE CUTTING STATION - LATER 60

Samantha rests in the chair, head back, the washcloth on her eyes and a glass of water in her hand.

Humming quietly, the hair dryer rotates around her head, setting the chemicals in her hair.

Samantha tries to place her glass of water on the counter, but it's too far.

SAMANTHA
Shit.

She turns and instead places the glass on the corner of the bleach cart.

On the other side of the room, Charlene's broom sliiiides across the wall and bangs into the top shelf of products.

It knocks a small tub of hair gel off the other end, which lands on the sample bottle of setting lotion below, depressing the pump dispenser.

A thick arc of clear lotion squirts through the air and lands in the middle of the floor. No one notices.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

Charlene repositions the broom as DeeDee picks up the tub of hair gel from the floor and puts it back.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Thanks for staying late, guys.

Charlene and DeeDee share a look -- *Christ, what a bitch.*

CHARLENE
No problem. Our time is your time.

Samantha blindly reaches out for her glass of water.

And at that moment, the dolly with the chemicals quietly rolls towards her outstretched hand --

SAMANTHA
I've been dying to get my hair done and this was the only time I could find.

-- and she grabs the cup of bleach instead.

Just as she's about to bring it to her lips and drink --

-- Charlene intercepts and plucks the cup away, a look of horror and relief on her face.

CHARLENE
Here, let me get you a refill.

Samantha smiles, no idea what just nearly happened.

Charlene and DeeDee exchange a look -- *close call!* -- as DeeDee almost steps in the lotion spill on the floor.

61 AT THE CUTTING STATION -- LATER 61

Charlene give the store a last look so they can close the moment Samantha leaves.

Samantha sits at the counter, her hair wet from being washed. As DeeDee grabs a pair of scissors from the jar of alcohol, a drop of the liquid lands on a hot flat iron resting in its metal tray. It SIZZLES.

Nearby, the sweat from Samantha's new water glass has gathered on the counter. The condensation slowly surrounds a can of hairspray and pushes it towards the hot flat iron.

SNIP! DeeDee starts cutting Samantha's hair.

61 CONTINUED: 61

The label on the can of hairspray browns from the heat of the flat iron as the water moves it ever closer.

SNIP SNIP SNIP! Samantha slowly closes her eyes.

It's a terrible dance as the scissors work around her eyes, neck and ears. Every edit feels like a close call.

Then THUNK! The chair again drops unexpectedly.

TIGHT ON - the razor sharp blades within microns of snipping off Samantha's earlobe.

SAMANTHA
Jesus!

DeeDee steadies the chair.

DEEDEE
Sorry, sorry!

BANG! The door bursts open, startling everyone.

Luke and Ryan enter, loaded with Slushees and candy.

SAMANTHA
Boys! Boys! Sit down and be quiet!
I'll be done in a minute.

The boys instead run around the waiting area until Ryan slips in the lotion and WIPES out hard, taking Luke with him. An explosion of Slushee and candy all over.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Damn it! What did I say?

Samantha spins the chair around and stands up --

-- just as the can of hairspray finally succumbs to the hot metal of the flat iron and EXPLODES.

The burst can ricochets off the wall into the air, smacking into the huge pair of faux scissors, knocking them loose from their moorings.

Samantha looks up as the faux scissors fall straight towards her.

THUNK! The blades just miss her and stab into the floor.

A frozen moment, then the massive scissors tilt towards the counter. On the way down, the curled edge of the handle taps the hanging hand mirror, shattering it.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

Seven years bad luck.

62 RECEPTION DESK -- LATER 62

The once clean store has been practically destroyed. DeeDee mops up the tsunami of Slushee, glaring darkly.

Samantha tears a check out of her checkbook and hands it to Charlene. The two boys cower nearby, having clearly been reamed by Mom.

SAMANTHA
I can't apologize enough. This is the last time they leave my sight until I ship 'em off to college.

Samantha pulls open the front door.

63 EXT. STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS 63

The Greens Man on the riding mower navigates the median, cutting the grass. The rock Ryan threw rests ahead of him. The Greens Man doesn't see it.

K-THWACK! The lawnmower blade hits the rock.

64 INT. HAIR SALON - SAME TIME 64

Samantha stands in the doorway and turns to the boys.

SAMANTHA
Let's go. And you better behave! I've got my eye on you two!

As she turns to leave, the rock shoots through the open door directly into her eye and out the back of her head.

It smashes into the stereo, turning it off.

A liquid SOUND punctuates the sudden silence.

Samantha, a gaping, meaty hole where her eye once was, wavers before collapsing to the floor to REVEAL a stunned Charlene, dripping with gore.

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL Luke and Ryan, also splattered.

LUKE
Mom?

Charlene SCREAMS!

65 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - DAY 65

A HAND smacks a computer printout onto a table.

It's a news article about Samantha's death. A photo of Samantha accompanies a photo of the horrific aftermath.

Our foursome considers the headline. Janet passes the printout to Hunt, who squints at it.

HUNT
It's impossible...
(pregnant pause)
... to tell if her tits are real.

Everyone groans at Hunt's insensitivity.

NICK
Dude, this is serious.

JANET
Don't you think it's just a little weird that two of the people Nick saved are dead? *

HUNT
Weird is putting tampons in your kids' ears. She was bound to die sooner or later.

LORI
That's why we asked you guys over. The night before it happened, Nick had a strange dream. *

HUNT
Well, now I *am* glad I canceled my golf game.

Nick pulls out more printouts and passes them around.

NICK
But it wasn't really a dream. I was like, random sounds and images that made no sense. I thought I was losing my mind. Then I read what killed them and realized I'd actually seen how the next person would die.

JANET
What do you mean, "the next person?"

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

NICK
Okay, so last night we Googled "premonition," "vision," and "signs". And even assuming the Net is 99% bullshit, there are tons of articles about people who got premonitions about some disaster and then they...

Nick hesitates, knowing how crazy this sounds.

JANET
They what?

NICK
They died.

HUNT
Okay, so people died. So what?

Nick holds up one of the printouts.

NICK
The survivors always died in the precise order they were meant to die in the accident.

Janet turns white as Hunt reacts with skepticism.

JANET
Does this mean we're all gonna die?

LORI
Well, there was also something about if you save the next person from getting killed - interrupt Fate's chain of events - the rest are safe. So maybe Fate isn't inevitable if we intervene.

JANET
So who's next?

NICK
That's the problem -- I don't remember.

HUNT
Yeah, that's some scary supernatural shit. You're crazy.
(beat, realizing)
Wait, when did I die?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2) 65

Shaken, Janet gets up and starts grabbing her things.

JANET
You guys, that's not funny. You know what this stuff does to me.

LORI
Come on, Janet, we're just trying to figure out what's going on.

JANET
I'll figure it out on my own.

HUNT
Ooooh, I'm gonna need lotion and a box of tissues for that!

She gives him a look of true hate before she exits. Nick and Lori look at Hunt darkly.

HUNT (CONT'D)
What's with her?

LORI
You're so not funny.

HUNT
No, I mean she's gone from being uptight but normal to uptight and totally freaked out.

LORI
She's just trying to get a sense of order where there isn't any.

Hunt nods in appreciation, then gets up to leave.

NICK
Where the hell are you going?

HUNT
If you're right about this whole crash thing, I want to make the most of every moment I've got left. I might be next, right? So I'm gonna get laid.

Hunt opens the door.

HUNT (CONT'D)
And if you're wrong? I still get laid in the bargain. Win/win, baby!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3) 65

Nick shakes his head as Hunt exits.

NICK
That went well.

LORI
Are you surprised? The whole idea is nuts.

NICK
Yeah. I guess it probably is just some weird coincidence...

Nick suddenly trails off. Lori looks at him, concerned.

LORI
Nick?

But Nick is staring at some camping equipment in the corner. Specifically, the 6" portable Propane Tank.

The mini-tank shudders, its image warping as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

The sounds of metal CLANKING, machinery SCREAMING and the RUMBLING of a truck plays under images of:

-- the gauge on a metal tank suddenly SPITS flame.

-- an arc of bright SPARKS sprays across the screen.

-- gobbets of bloody flesh tumble onto sand.

SMASH CUT TO:

Nick jerks back in his chair, banging the table loudly and startling Lori.

NICK
It-it just happened again.

They look at each other, filled with dread.

66 EXT. SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 66

Nick and Lori use bolt cutters to snip the fence links until the hole is big enough for them to squeeze through.

LORI
This is insane. You know that, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

NICK
It's the only thing that might make me remember what I saw. Maybe then we can figure out the order people are supposed to die. *

Realizing what he said, he looks at her sheepishly.

NICK (CONT'D)
So yeah, it's totally insane.

After a beat, she smiles and pulls back the fencing so he can crawl through.

LORI
Just checking.

67 INT. SPEEDWAY CORRIDOR - LATER 67

Flashlights arc through darkness, coming closer.

After a moment, REVEAL Nick and Lori as they exit the access tunnel onto the --

68 EXT. STANDS - NIGHT 68

-- where the crash site is still cordoned off. It's chilling, especially when lit only by the flashlights.

WIND whistles through the wreckage. Twisted metal GROANS. Melted seats are flattened and caked with blood and hair.

They take a moment to register the overwhelming scene.

NICK
Let's see if this works.

Nick makes his way into the heart of the crash area.

The Gearhead's Mid-West Customs jacket is tangled under a seat next to Hunt's now-melted binoculars.

Nick's flashlight illuminates bloody handprints on the back of a seat. He walks forward.

Lori is drawn to an ominous hole in the concrete floor nearby. Bent rebar pokes out obscenely, like a hand reaching from the darkness below.

Lori hears something from the black void. She shines her flashlight into the hole. She reaches in slowly, fearfully. Her arm disappears into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

BANG! A seat falls down behind her, startling them.

Lori pulls a mangled iPod out of the hole -- the one the Gearhead's Girlfriend was listening to. Shockingly, it's still working.

Lori listens to the earbud and hears a B.J. Thomas oldie.

IPOD
Raindrops keep falling on my head--

After a few bars of music, the iPod dies.

The Wind gusts. The remains of the Overhang GROAN. Tattered pages of the Memorial Program carry in the air. Lori looks around, unnerved by what lurks in the dark.

LORI
Let's go. This is too freaky.

Nearby, Nick is transfixed by a bloodstain on the floor that's fused to a child's tiny sneaker.

NICK
Just a second...

He aims his flashlight and creeps toward the front rows.

As he ventures further into Ground Zero, the sounds of this world begin to fade away.

He shuts his eyes for a moment, conjuring memories...

REVERBERANT SOUNDS of a CROWD fill the soundscape, slowly coming into sonic focus, EXPLODING in his mind's ear.

Entranced, Nick hears SHRIEKING metal as his flashlight beam traces the path of the Lead Car scraping the wall.

The beam moves on its own, hunting down SCREAMING fans.

Then the SOUND of metal whipping through the air, followed by Nadia's SCREAM.

The flashlight beam whips to the Gearhead's Girlfriend's blood-stain next to the Mid-West Customs jacket.

NICK (CONT'D)
The girlfriend dies first...

More SCREAMS as bolts SNAP and SHOOT through the air...

68 CONTINUED: (2) 68

The SHRIEK of torn metal, then the WHISTLING of the flying car hood... GURGLING blood as the Racist and his Wife are cut in two...

The flashlight follows the sonic "action" to their seats.

NICK (CONT'D)
Then Carter and his wife died...

The flashlight illuminates a heat-damaged engine block as the Soccer MILF's SCREAMS echo.

NICK (CONT'D)
The Soccer Mom was next. Throwing the picnic basket changed her fate. And then...

More SCREAMS. Bones SNAP. Jarring EXPLOSIONS. Nick fights to remember, but the SOUNDS of horrific violence overwhelm him completely.

He clicks off the flashlight. The world is instantly SILENT again.

He stands there, traumatized. Lori approaches and puts her arm around him.

NICK (CONT'D)
I can't... I can't remember who died when. I can't see it.

LORI
Come on baby, let's go.

They turn and head back up the stairs --

-- when someone reaches from the darkness and seizes Nick by his shirt!

It's the Security Guard, GEORGE. His face tightens when he recognizes who he's captured.

GEORGE
You better have a damn good reason for being here.

69 INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER 69 *

A cavernous Nick and Lori lean against the concrete wall as George paces nearby, clearly agitated as he considers the situation. *

69 CONTINUED: 69

LORI
I know what you're thinking. But you have to admit, there *is* a logical pattern to all this.

GEORGE
Look, if God wants us all dead, who are we to fight His Will? Maybe we shouldn't be fighting this at all.

NICK
I don't want to live forever. I just don't want to die *next*.

GEORGE
The last few days have proved He is watching over me for surrendering myself to His will. *

NICK
This isn't Him. This is something else. Like Fate maybe, or even Death. And whatever it is, it definitely wants us dead. *
(beat)
If I could remember the order, maybe it would make sense.

A silence hangs in the air as George makes a decision.

GEORGE
I might be able to help with that.

70 INT. OPERATIONS CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 70

A room filled with high-tech banks of monitors. The "brain" of the speedway.

Nick, Lori, and George watch B&W footage of the crash through camera angles much closer than CNN's footage.

ON THE MONITOR -- we clearly see the car hood tear into the Racist's Wife, cutting her in two.

Moments later the engine block sails out of the air and lands in the stands where Samantha would have been.

NICK
(sees something)
Hold on. Roll that last bit back.

George rewinds the video and hits play. Car Two explodes.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

NICK (CONT'D)
There! See that? In the premonition, that's where the *mechanic* died from the explosion.

LORI
So he's next.

ON THE MONITOR - the Upperdeck collapses.

NICK
Hunt and Janet got crushed there.

ON THE MONITOR - the final explosion barely registers before the screen abruptly cuts to STATIC.

NICK (CONT'D)
And that's when *you* died, then Lori, and then me.
(beat)
And if I'm right, if we prevent the mechanic from getting killed, we'll break the pattern and the rest of us will be safe.

GEORGE
Isn't it His will they died in the first place? *

NICK
Maybe He gave me the premonition. *
And it's for us to do His bidding *
and help our fellow man.

This seems to finally resonate with George.

GEORGE
Then we have to find this mechanic.

LORI
But how? We don't know his name.

NICK
True. But we do know --

Nick reaches forward and rewinds the tape.

NICK(CONT'D)
-- where he works.

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

ON THE MONITOR -- the Gearhead's "Mid-West Customs" jacket.

MATCH CUT TO:

71 INT. MID-WEST CUSTOMS - DAY 71

The LOGO on the renowned auto-body garage.

The place looks like the before-and-after shots of a *Pimp My Ride* episode.

- A hydraulic lift noisily lifts a Brinks' Truck.

- A steel saw cuts open a sunroof in a hard top.

- An arc welding torch works on a broken axel.

- Rivet guns and air brushes go to work on a car.

- Illegal flames shoot out the pipes of a muscle car.

- A Pneumatic hammer pounds a chopper fender into shape.

- An OIL JOCKEY with untied shoelaces struggles to carry a V-Twin engine toward a motorcycle frame.

- A smog analyzer is relocated, rolling dangerously over the air hoses of other equipment, etc...

72 EXT. MID-WEST CUSTOMS - DAY 72

Nick, Lori and George walk around a razor wire fence designed to keep out the late night riff-raff.

As they head into the mechanic's bay, their attention is drawn to a GARBAGE TRUCK down the street. Its hydraulic arm noisily vice-grips a plastic can, dumping the contents into the crusher.

Lori and Nick freeze at the sight of it.

LORI
Didn't you hear a truck in your premonition?

Nick nods, eying the Garbage Truck.

73 INT. MECHANICS' BAY - DAY 73

Once inside, Nick goes into overdrive, seeing the dangerous equipment and activity everywhere. He particularly notices an acetylene tank near the Brinks Truck. He points it out to Lori, who pales. *Could this be the one from his premonition?*

Then Lori focuses on the shower of sparks from the buffer and accidentally bumps into a Snap-On roll cab, which rolls into a hose. The sudden stop causes an awl to roll off and land on the hose, puncturing it.

The hissing hose releases air and begins to snake wildly around the room, wrapping around Lori's leg.

Lori reaches out to support herself, her hand landing on a lever which releases the hydraulic lift. The Brinks' Truck plummets onto the mechanic working beneath it.

CLANG! But it's stopped by heavy iron supports.

GEARHEAD (O.C.)
What the fuck!

The Gearhead worms his way out from under the Brinks Truck. He wearily rises and is stunned to see Nick.

GEARHEAD (CONT'D)
You. What are you doing here?

NICK
We think you're in danger.

SPLAT! The Gearhead hocks an impressive wad of gooey tobacco spit by the drain in the center of the floor.

GEARHEAD
What the hell are you ratchet-jawing about?

NICK
Three people who left before the crash are dead. And I think you're next.

The Gearhead whips a large metal hook up to Nick's face.

GEARHEAD
You got some nerve telling *me* that, kid.

73 CONTINUED: 73

A tense moment. Then the Gearhead steps away and secures the hook under the front end of the Brinks Truck. He hits a switch and a winch pulls it back up the ramp.

NICK
Well, like it or not, you're next.

The Gearhead hits the OFF switch and the Brinks Truck comes to a rest. The Gearhead turns to George.

GEARHEAD
He serious?

George's grave look provides his answer. The Gearhead considers this, but before he can speak the shop MANAGER storms over.

MANAGER
These people can't be in here, dammit! Get 'em off the property unless you wanna pay my insurance--

GEARHEAD
(to Nick and others)
Let's take it outside.

Nick nods, fixated on the acetylene tank by the Truck.

74 EXT. MID-WEST CUSTOMS - MOMENTS LATER 74

Nick, Lori and George stand outside the fence, talking to the Gearhead on the other side.

GEARHEAD
I'm trying to put the whole thing behind me, OK? Seeing Nadia die right in front of me like that...

The Garbage Truck gets closer, its RUMBLE getting louder. Nick is unnerved by the sound.

GEORGE
There's no greater pain.

It sounds like it's spoken from personal experience. The Gearhead regards him for a moment.

GEARHEAD
I see now how each breath is a gift, you know?

George nods. The Gearhead talks mainly to him now.

74 CONTINUED: 74

GEARHEAD (CONT'D)
Maybe I never killed no one, but I sure fucked up in lotsa little ways. Parkin' in handicapped spaces, fudging taxes, pulling strippers with counterfeit twenties...

75 INSIDE THE MECHANIC'S BAY 75

The Oil Jockey can't mount the ill-fitting V-Twin, so he sets it on the Roll Cab.

76 BACK OUTSIDE 76

The Gearhead displays a "W.W.J.D?" bracelet.

GEARHEAD
Now I try and open doors for people. I donated some blood. Hell, I even got one of them organ donor stickers on my license.

GEORGE
Bless you, brother. That's great.

As they talk, Nick stares at the Garbage Truck as its metal claws violently seize a plastic trash bin.

NICK
I'm glad you're all "kumbayah" and shit, but could we stay focused on our certain doom? What about the things I saw in my premonition?

77 INSIDE THE MECHANIC'S BAY 77

The Oil Jockey spits tobacco into a Folgers Coffee Can and rests it on the Brinks Truck.

78 BACK OUTSIDE 78

The Gearhead scoffs as he pulls out his smokes.

GEARHEAD
Look kid, I'm around dangerous equipment all day. I could've lost an arm or an eye or even my head when your girl Butterfingers almost dropped that truck on me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

GEARHEAD (CONT'D)
(getting his lighter)
See all the gas 'n oil 'n shit on my jumpsuit?

He flicks open his Zippo and --

LORI
No!

-- ignites the flame.

But nothing happens. He lights his cigarette and smirks.

GEARHEAD
If Death were after me, it woulda happened by now.

George is clearly no longer invested in Nick's theory.

GEORGE
Fair enough. Sorry we bothered you. Take care of yourself, okay?

GEARHEAD
You too.

NICK
Are you kidding me? Don't you realize--

GEORGE
Nick. The man made his point. And you've made yours. It ain't his time.

Nick is frustrated, but doesn't know what to say.

LORI
Wait...

Lori pulls out the iPod from the crash site. The Gearhead's eyes mist slightly.

GEARHEAD
Thank you, ma'am.

She squeezes it between the fence wire. His fingers get cut on a sharp edge as he takes it from her.

GEARHEAD(CONT'D)
Ow!
(beat, amused)
First time I ever did that. What are the chances?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2) 78

The Garbage Truck loudly shifts gears, getting closer.

79 INSIDE THE MECHANIC'S BAY 79

A MECHANIC turns over the engine on the Brinks Truck, then turns up its radio to compete with the noise from the garbage truck. It's B.J. Thomas.

RADIO
Raindrops keep falling on my head.

The engine vibrations cause a socket wrench resting on the hood of the Truck to slide toward the edge.

Worse, the coffee can filled with spit tips over and lands on the cable spool of the winch. The brown liquid seeps into the motor, which begins to spark and short.

The socket wrench finally slides off the edge of the Truck onto the hydraulic lever. The Truck plummets downward for the second time.

This time the iron supports don't catch.

The Brinks Truck rolls off the lift and out the door.

The winch cable unspools as the Truck picks up speed --

80 BACK OUTSIDE 80

-- down the short incline toward the fence.

NICK AND LORI
Look out!

The Gearhead turns to see the huge truck heading right towards him.

81 INSIDE THE MECHANIC'S BAY 81

The winch spool runs out of cable and snaps taut.

82 BACK OUTSIDE 82

The Brinks Truck jerks to a halt just before slamming the Gearhead into the razor sharp fence.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, you dumbfuck idiots! *

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

The Gearhead carefully snakes out from behind the massive truck until he's off to its side.

MANAGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you dipshits waiting for? Get your fat asses down there!

GEARHEAD
Well, I'd say that answers whether it's my time to die.

83 INSIDE THE MECHANIC'S BAY 83

The Oil Jockey moves to help but his untied sneaker slips on the Gearhead's gob of spit by the drain.

He falls and slams into the roll cab, which rolls to the acetylene tank that now lies on the floor.

The V-twin engine, resting atop the Roll Cab, tips over and falls and cracks off the valve of the tank!

WHOOOSH! The two-foot thick cylinder tank rockets out the door like a sea-to-air missile --

84 BACK OUTSIDE 84

-- <u>right into the Gearhead's chest</u>, mashing his torso through the razor wire and cubing it into a hundred pieces, like ground beef through a Play-Doh Fun Factory.

Diced body parts tumble onto the sand at George, Nick and Lori's feet.

SSSSSSSssssssss... the acetylene tank runs out of steam and drops from the fence to reveal the Gearhead's arms, legs and head still hanging in the fence, <u>ALIVE</u>, as the last shocking seconds of his life tick away.

And the coda comes blaring through the Brinks radio:

RADIO
Nothing's worrying meeeee...

The Garbage Truck harmlessly vanishes around the bend.

85 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 85

George vomits BELOW FRAME as Nick and Lori look away. When he's finally done:

GEORGE
You have to warn your friends.

NICK
How? I haven't had a premonition about what might happen. Fuck! What's happening to me?

Nick is beyond frustrated.

GEORGE
Take it easy. Which one is next?

NICK
(agonized)
They died in the collapse. There's no way to tell who died first.

LORI
Well, one of them must be first, even if by a nanosecond.

GEORGE
So we've got to warn them both.

86 EXT. POSH COUNTRY CLUB - DAY - ESTABLISHING 86

Stately buildings and manicured grounds. A world class golf course. Uptight members mill about, attended by harried service staff.

87 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY 87

Packed with baby boomers and water-winged toddlers. Kids attack each other with Super-Soakers.

Several swanky cabanas line the side of the pool. Inside, members relax on lounge chairs in the shade.

The cabana in the far corner, however, is closed off. We can hear muffled GRUNTS and YELPS from within.

88 INT. CABANA - DAY - SAME TIME 88

In the darkened cabana, Hunt has nasty sex with a busty DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE.

Hunt's bathing suit is tangled around his ankle. He doesn't notice the cell phone in the pocket is vibrating.

HOUSEWIFE
That's it, baby! Say it! Say it!

HUNT
You're my cougar. You're my little cougar bitch.

He slaps her ass.

HOUSEWIFE
FUCK YES!

They climax, then cool down.

HUNT
(to himself)
Ask ten women for sex, one'll say yes.

HOUSEWIFE
What?

Hunt pulls up his bathing suit and checks his phone.

HUNT
Sit tight. I gotta return a call.

HOUSEWIFE
(outraged)
Are you kidding me?

As he exits the cabana, we HEAR a phone ring OFFSCREEN.

89 EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY 89

It belongs to the phone in Janet's purse.

Janet heads to her car, drycleaning in hand. As she pulls out her phone --

HOMELESS (O.S.)
Donate to a struggling artist?

89 CONTINUED: 89

Startled, Janet spins to find a HOMELESS MAN pushing a squeaky shopping cart behind her.

JANET
Uh... hang on a sec.

Too late -- she's missed the call. She puts the phone back in her purse and fishes out some change.

He reaches out his palm. It's filthy.

She ever-so-carefully drops the money into his hand.

HOMELESS
Thanks.

JANET
You're welcome. Have a nice day.

She heads to her car, which desperately needs a wash.

The Homeless Man plucks out the pennies and absently tosses them at a PIGEON, scaring the bird into flight.

The pigeon flies over Janet and craps on her windshield.

JANET (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

As she reaches her car, the phone RINGS again.

Instead of answering, she pulls out a bottle of Purell, douses the birdshit and starts wiping it with tissues. But she only manages to smear it into larger streaks.

JANET (CONT'D)
Jesus... come on!

90 INT./EXT. JANET'S CAR - DAY -- MOMENTS LATER 90

Janet peers through the smeared windshield as she drives.

Then the sunroof starts opening and closing on its own. The wind sends the drycleaning bags fluttering noisily.

Janet frowns and hits the sunroof button. It closes, sputters, then starts jerking open and closed.

JANET
Piece of shit!

She punches the control panel until it finally stays put.

91 INT./EXT. NICK'S CAR - DAY 91

An impatient Nick is stopped at a red light. He hits redial on his cell phone.

NICK
Pick up the fuckin' thing already!

PUSH INTO the phone as it dials, connecting.

Nick glances at the Sparkletts truck next to him, its shimmering logo filling his window.

Suddenly, it begins to shudder and wow as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

SOUNDS of rushing water, bubbles, and muffled SCREAMS underscore a series of underwater images:

-- looking up as bright sunshine filters through the rippling surface.

-- water pumping through dark piping.

-- arcs of electricity cutting through water

-- a coin sinking out of sight, trailing bubbles as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

HOOOONK! Nick snaps to attention at the intersection. The light is green. The car behind him HONKS angrily.

Nick punches the gas as he hits redial. Still no answer, so he leaves a message.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hunt! Stay away from water, okay? You hear me? No water!

92 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY 92

An overdressed FAT KID on "wheelies" sneakers glides over to his friends, nearly bumping into Hunt, who heads poolside but is distracted by some BIKINI GIRLS.

HUNT
(into phone)
Nick. Stop dialing me for two seconds, would ya?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

HUNT (CONT'D)
I keep getting your voicemail. I'm at the club by the pool. I'll call you in--

SPLASH! A torrent of water from a Super-Soaker nails Hunt in the ear, soaking his phone.

STATIC. CRACKLE. Then the phone dies.

Hunt turns around angrily to find a BRAT on an inflatable raft in the pool, his Super-Soaker held behind his back.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Funny, huh?

The Brat LAUGHS in Hunt's face. Hunt plucks the stylus pen from his PDA cell phone and approaches the Brat.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Gimme the water gun.

The Brat holds it out of Hunt's reach.

POP! Hunt unexpectedly jams his sharp stylus pen into the raft, scaring the shit out of the little pest.

The Brat instinctively clutches the raft with both hands, bringing the Super-Soaker within Hunt's reach.

Hunt grabs the Super-Soaker.

HUNT (CONT'D)
You better pray you didn't break my phone.

Scared, the Brat swims away, letting the deflating raft drift across the pool.

As Hunt walks away, his feet slip on the wet deck.

He barely manages to keep from cracking his head open. He sees the Bikini Girls laughing at him.

He takes a charismatic bow, but they laugh even harder.

Embarrassed and angry, Hunt ignores the girls. On the other side of the pool, he sees the Brat whining to his Father and pointing at Hunt.

Hunt quickly tosses the Super-Soaker evidence onto the 7' tall Industrial Pump next to the Pool Shed that filters the pool water. Too high for a kid to retrieve.

93 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY 93

Janet is at the kiosk for an auNickated car wash. A large sign reads, "**Please Make Your Choice:**" above several option buttons. She pumps in COINS, accidentally dropping one on the ground. It rolls into a drain.

JANET
Oh, Christ...

INSIDE THE DRAIN

The coin sinks through the murky water and disappears.

BACK TO SCENE

Janet puts in a few more coins, then presses a series of buttons. The machine spits out a receipt.

A green light goes on.

She powers up her windows, makes sure the sunroof is closed, and drives forward.

The phone RINGS again. She checks the ID and answers.

JANET (CONT'D)
Lori, I'm heading into the car wash. I'll call you in five.

LORI
(filtered)
No, wait--

Janet hangs up as the car passes a checklist warning, "**Don't Forget To Lower Your Antenna**".

But she missed it. Her antenna is still raised.

A red light goes on. Janet shifts into 'neutral' as her wheels lock into the conveyor chain.

The car wash begins.

94 INT./EXT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY 94

Frustrated, Lori hangs up the phone.

LORI
Is there a car wash around here?

94 CONTINUED: 94

GEORGE
There's one on 18th.

He makes the next turn as her phone RINGS. She answers.

LORI
Nick! Thank God. I couldn't tell Janet -- what?
(beat)
Tell me everything.

95 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL 95

Hunt sets his cell phone in the sun, drops onto a chaise lounge and puts his feet up.

He begins rolling his Lucky Coin through his fingers.

96 INT. CAR WASH - JANET'S CAR - SAME TIME 96

Janet watches with satisfaction as streams of pink suds squirt all over her windshield, cleaning the bird shit.

There's a RINGTONE from her purse. Janet answers.

JANET
Jesus, Lori, what's so important?
(her face blanches)
No, I'm *in* the car wash. Why?

97 OUTSIDE THE CAR 97

The antenna bends severely against the mechanical arm of the buffers and snaps.

The antenna flips up to the ceiling, spearing a jumble of dangling wires which begin to spark.

The machinery GRINDS angrily. The car jerks to a halt. Something is wrong.

The mechanical arms that extend the spinning buffers suddenly SMASH into her side doors, blocking her in.

98 INSIDE THE CAR 98

Janet SCREAMS as the call goes dead. She looks at the phone -- no bars.

98 CONTINUED: 98

There's a GRINDING NOISE above her head as the sunroof begins to open on its own, but only about five inches.

Just then the Water Main breaks, dumping gallons of water through the malfunctioning sunroof.

JANET
Oh my God oh my God.

Janet fights the torrent of water as she shifts the car into 'drive' and floors it.

The front wheels are locked in the belt. The rear tires spin uselessly on the sudsy floor.

Janet tries the doors but the malfunctioning side buffers have wedged them tight.

She tries to squeeze through the sunroof, but it's not open wide enough and there's too much water pouring in.

The car rapidly fills up to Janet's waist.

99 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY 99

A WAITER fills a plastic glass from a pitcher of ice water and places it on the table next to Hunt.

Hunt smiles at the man as he rolls his Coin.

VOICE (O.C.)
Fore!

CRASH! An errant golf ball knocks Hunt's glass of water from his hand, splattering him and scaring him shitless.

The Coin drops from his fingers and, to his amazement, bounces toward the edge of the pool.

The Coin rolls slowly and deliberately as if it has a mind of its own, bouncing over the pool coping into the deep end. *Strange.*

HUNT
(anyone?)
Did you see that?

Hunt gets up and watches as the coin settles to the botNick of the pool.

Just as Hunt dives in to retrieve it, we RACK FOCUS to find Nick arriving at the pool, searching for him.

100 UNDERWATER 100

Hunt swims to the botNick and grabs the coin. But as he turns to push himself back to the surface -- THWUP!

His ass gets stuck to the pool's main suction drain.

101 INT. CAR WASH - DAY 101

Janet's car fills with soapy water as the Main continues to dump water through the partially open sunroof. A few of the drycleaning bags have lifted from the clothing and float lazily on the surface of the water.

She SCREAMS as the level rises to her chin.

JANET
Help! Help!

She leans on the horn, but after a few seconds the water shorts the wiring. She tries to break the windows.

102 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS 102

TWO GOLFERS drive a golf cart up to the edge of a green and kick the foot operated lever into 'park.' They get out and walk towards their balls.

Their CADDIE runs up behind the cart and pulls a golf bag from the rear rack, clearly changing the weight distribution.

CLOSE ON -- the gear lever shifts to reverse.' CLICK!

A curious BREEZE ruffles the Caddie's hair, making him pause a beat before hurrying after the Golfers.

Behind him, the Golf Cart slooowly starts rolling across the grass towards the pool.

103 INT./EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY 103

Lori grips the dashboard as George makes a sharp turn.

GEORGE
Hang on. Almost there.

104 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY 104

Nick looks everywhere for Hunt, but to no avail.

NICK
Hunt? Hunt!

Nick inspects the pool. The deflated raft perfectly hides Hunt from his view.

105 UNDERWATER 105

Hunt's still trapped. His struggling only suctions him tighter on the drain, the awkward position giving him no leverage to spring off the floor. He looks up.

HUNT'S POV -- on the surface, kids splash around the deflated raft.

Air bursts from Hunt's lungs, leaving him on reserves.

He doesn't notice as behind him a KID wearing a mask and flippers grabs the Lucky Coin and rockets to the surface.

106 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - CONTINUOUS 106

As the Kid in the mask climbs out of the pool, he tosses the weighted rings he'd been collecting back into the water, far more excited by his coin discovery.

Several rings land on the tattered raft.

The Kid nearly runs into Nick as he searches for Hunt.

When Nick passes by the Pool Shed, the Industrial Pump WHEEZES under the strain of Hunt's ass blocking the system. He looks at it suspiciously. There's something weird about it.

Then he notices the golf ball that smashed Hunt's drink resting against the pump casing. He picks it up. *Weird.*

He looks to the golf course. Through the fence he sees the runaway golf cart picking up speed as it aims for the metal Light Pole just outside the pool area.

Nick does the math -- *cart + pole + water = electrocution* -- and bolts across the crowded pool deck.

In the pool, the Raft sinks to the botNick under the weight of the rings.

107 UNDERWATER 107

The raft descends into Hunt's hands like a miracle from Allah. Hunt greedily sucks the air that's left out of the hole he'd punctured.

108 INT. CAR WASH - DAY 108

We're again underwater, but this time in Janet's car.

Janet gasps for breath at the shallow air-pocket near the ceiling. Soapy water sloshes into her mouth.

Then one of the floating drycleaning bags wraps around her face. She tries to pull it off, but it gets more tangled. Her screams suck the plastic into her mouth.

Terrified and desperate, she stands on the gas pedal.

The engine ROARS. The car finally gets traction and rams through the machinery of the car wash.

Until the massive air dryer swings down and smashes into the windshield, stopping her progress.

109 INSIDE THE CAR 109

Without water pouring in, Janet manages to pull off the drycleaning bag and force the sunroof open. But as she moves to escape it suddenly closes on her neck, trapping her again.

WHIRRRR! The motherscrubber of scrubbers spins to life and comes in for the kill.

Janet turns around in horror at the sound. Just before it flays the skin off of her face --

110 OUTSIDE THE CAR WASH 110

-- George's car bounces over the curb and enters the car wash from the wrong direction.

111 INSIDE THE CAR WASH 111

George eases his bumper up to Janet's car and forces it backwards, out of the motherscrubber's reach.

Lori jumps out of the car and makes her way to Janet.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

The duelling cars push against the machinery. Pipes strain and spurt more water. Metal WHINES, stressed beyond its limits. Things begin to rip from the walls.

Lori pulls the sunroof open and yanks Janet from the car just before --

-- a giant industrial fan caves in the roof, shattering the windows and showering Lori and Janet with glass.

Janet SCREAMS hysterically in Lori's arms.

LORI
You're safe. You're safe.

112 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY 112

SMASH! The rogue Golf Cart crashes into the metal Light Pole just outside the pool fence.

CRACK! The pole snaps at its base.

113 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL 113

At the sound of the crash, everyone turns to see the broken Light Pole fall against the fence.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW -- the Light Pole teeters back and forth, about to fall directly into the pool.

Then the Light Pole descends towards the water, like a brontosaurus lowering its neck for a drink. The crowd SCREAMS as they scramble to get out of the pool.

But at the last second, Nick runs and intercepts the falling pole, using everything he has to shove it towards the Pool Shed, away from the water.

It hits the Super-Soaker on top of the Industrial Pump and cracks it into pieces, splashing water everywhere.

The glass housing of the lights shatter simultaneously, exploding with a shower of sparks.

114 UNDERWATER 114

The inflatable raft is out of air. Now terrified, Hunt struggles for his life.

115 POOL SIDE 115

The Industrial Pump sparks and ratchets up ten notches.

116 UNDERWATER 116

Hunt torso sinks in dramatically as his intestines are violently sucked into the pool drain.

117 POOL SIDE 117

Next to Nick, the flipper KID raises his mask and proudly holds up Hunt's Lucky Coin to show his Mom.

KID
Hey, look what I found at the botNick!

Nick recognizes the coin. He runs to the side of the pool, looks at the botNick and sees a dark red cloud.

CHUG-CHUG-CHUG-CHUG! The Pump smokes and vibrates.

NICK
Hunt!

There's a sound like a WET BELCH.

Nick stares in horror as bloody water and intestines suddenly erupt from the poolside filters.

118 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY 118

As Janet dries off with car wash towels, Lori talks on the phone, shell-shocked.

LORI
No. No. I'll tell him.

She hangs up. She doesn't have to say anything. George sags at the realization.

GEORGE
Guess we'll find out now. Saving Janet either destroyed Death's list and we're all home free, or it skips her for now and I'm next.
(sinking in)
I'm next.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

LORI
You can't give up. If we--

GEORGE
No. It's okay.

He takes her by the shoulders.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Really. It's okay. I'm ready. My family's waiting for me.

It's as if a Zen-like calm has come over him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You take care of yourself, okay?

And he calmly walks away.

Lori is stunned by his serenity. Still dripping wet, Janet looks completely confused.

JANET
What list?

119 INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER 119

A crowded local watering hole. REGULARS throw darts, play pool, and bounce to R&B classics on a jukebox. A waitress circulates with a tray loaded with wings and fries.

THWACK! A dart lands in the bulls eye of a dartboard.

The HOT GIRL who threw it cheers and talks smack to her BOYFRIEND. He drowns his sorrow in his beer.

The triumphant Hottie gathers up the darts, puts them in their tray and brings them back to the bartender. He puts them on the shelf behind the bar.

She smiles at the man sitting at the bar alone before running back to her table.

It's George, holding a locket on a thin gold chain. Inside are photos of his Wife and Daughter.

He looks at the people around him. Carefree. Unaware of the force threatening to take them at any moment.

A ceiling fan rotates above George's head. Its steel blades cut the air, SQUEAKING constantly.

119 CONTINUED: 119

BARTENDER
What'll ya have?

A BIG decision. His heart pounds. His hands are clammy.

GEORGE
Hennessy Privilege. *

There. It's done.

A strange BREEZE ruffles the napkin under the drink. George feels a chill.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR

A crappy old ceiling-mounted heater springs to life. It's metal coils heat up. Hot air rushes out.

The blast of air billows a tattered sports banner hanging from the ceiling.

GEORGE'S SEAT

George pulls out his wallet, fumbles through his key chain and clutches what seems to be a gold coin.

It's actually a Five Year Sobriety Chip.

He grabs his cell phone and scrolls through his contacts until he reaches: "Rick -- AA Sponsor"

After a few rings, RICK answers.

RICK
(over phone)
Yo George, you checkin' in?

GEORGE
Yeah man. I'm actually...
(a sad beat)
I'm at a bar. I just ordered.

STATIC, then the phone dies. George checks -- four bars of reception. No reason for the call drop.

The Bartender sets the snifter of Hennessy before him.

It seems so innocent. George worries the Chip with his fingers as he bows his head in agonized prayer.

The ceiling fan spins unevenly above him.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2) 119

THE OTHER END OF THE BAR

On the ceiling, the heater amps up. Really blasting now.

A sweaty BAR PATRON realizes the heater is on overdrive and hits the wall knob, turning it off. The hanging banner loses its sail, settling back down.

Then the front door of the bar bursts open on its own. A gust of air pushes the banner toward the heating unit. The frayed corner just grazes a fire-red coil.

Suddenly, flames erupt from the hanging banner.

PATRONS
Whoa! Hey!

The bar erupts into chaos. The sweaty Patron frantically swats at the banner.

BEHIND THE BAR

George is entranced by the amber liquid swirling in its glass. He doesn't notice or care about the fire.

The bartender, however, sees the blaze and freaks. He grabs a small fire extinguisher and leaps over the bar.

Behind him, the tray of darts fall off the shelf into the open blender below. The tray itself hits the blender's "ON" button. It RATTLES to life, the darts dancing crazily inside until one SHOOTS out toward the ceiling.

Hands shaking, George reaches for the Hennessy just as --

-- the fan blades swat the dart back down into the snifter glass, shattering it.

The fire is put out, but George's attention is solely on the shattered glass, and the dart stuck in the name of the bar printed on the napkin underneath -- "Second Chance Saloon."

He clutches the gold Sobriety Coin.

GEORGE
... May I do thy will always.

He lays a fifty on bar and exits, sober with God's grace.

120 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 120

Janet walks up to the street corner. A BREEZE blows her hair as she watches the traffic rush by her.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

The passing cars are mesmerizing.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath... and as a tear rolls down her cheek, she steps directly into traffic.

Horns BLARE, metal CRUNCHES and glass SHATTERS as cars collide around her. But she keeps walking until she steps onto the opposite sidewalk -- miraculously untouched.

She opens her eyes to see the carnage in her wake, as angry drivers SCREAM at her.

An unexpected look crosses her face -- newfound freedom.

121 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 121

Nick safe-proofs the apartment. The more dangerous items have been wrapped in newspaper and are safely in boxes lining the perimeter of the room. He looks haggard.

Lori sits on the sofa drinking tea, trying to stay calm.

LORI
I don't understand how George could be so *calm* about it.

NICK
Maybe he was in shock.

As Nick pulls heavy textbooks off a shelf and gingerly places them in a box, we SEE the shelf's support brace jostle and loosen as the weight distribution changes.

LORI
No, it was like he just... accepted it.
(somber)
After he dies, it'll come for me. Maybe when that happens... you should keep your distance.

Nick stops what he's doing and sits next to her.

NICK
No--

LORI
If we're together, it'll make it easier for Death to--

NICK
Lori, no. If we're together, then we're in this together.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

She kisses his hand and nods, comforted. Then a BREEZE rolls over them, giving them both chills.

As he reaches for a blanket, Nick sees something in the botNick of Lori's tea cup.

For an instant, the few swirling tea leaves materialize into the form of the Caduceus of Mercury -- the medical symbol of snakes winding up a staff -- then it's gone.

Lori sees the shocked expression on his face.

LORI
What is it? What did you see?

Nick stands, looks around, then spots it.

NICK
(whispering)
Look...

The shelf brace is starting to bend. The remaining textbooks begin to shift, clearly about to slide.

LORI
(whispering)
I see it...

Their eyes go to the glass table below the shelf, where framed pictures of Hunt, Janet, Nick, and Lori rest.

Just then, the brace gives way. The books slide.

Nick leaps out of his chair, spilling the remaining tea onto some newspaper. He just manages to catch the first to fall, and prevent the rest from hitting the table.

A frozen moment.

LORI (CONT'D)
What does it mean? What is Death telling us?

Nick looks at the two books in his arm -- *Grey's AnaNicky* and *Concepts Of Design*. But the way he's awkwardly caught them, the covers line up to read: "**ANANicky/OF DESIGN.**"

Nick considers this, then:

NICK
I don't think it's Death. Maybe it's... something else, trying to warn us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2) 121

NICK (CONT'D)
When I was at the pool, it was like I could see what was about to happen. Like hints to a riddle. And if we can look and see what's happening around us... and use that information...

Unnerved, Lori motions for him to come to the table.

Tea has spilled across the newspaper, leaving the headline words "...**WERE SAVED**," clear and dry.

They look at each other. A glimmer of hope.

NICK (CONT'D)
Maybe no one else has to die.

122 EXT. SECURITY GUARD'S (GEORGE'S) HOUSE - NIGHT 122 *

Nick and Lori walk to the door, unsettled by the off-key chimes and the unexpected Breeze that blows their hair.

NICK
You feel that?

LORI
Totally.

Lori tries the door. It's open.

123 INT. GEORGE'S HOME - NIGHT 123

Nick pokes his head into the dark house.

NICK
Hello? George?

Silence. Every window is wide open. Curtains billow.

Nick tries the light switch. Dead.

There's a CREAK from the bedroom. A seam of light glows under the closed door.

LORI
George? You there?

Nick takes point down the long, dark hall. They arrive at the bedroom door.

NICK
Stay behind me.

123 CONTINUED: 123

Lori nods. Nick throws open the door.

124 INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 124

George is standing on a chair, with a noose around his neck tied to a wooden beam above.

He locks eyes with Nick, and jumps off the chair.

LORI
No!

He flails, clawing at the rope around his neck.

NICK
Stop!

Nick moves to grab his waist, but George kicks him to the floor as his eyes roll up.

Suddenly the wooden beam CRACKS! The rope SNAPS!

Nick jumps out of the way as the broken beam crashes to the ground and George falls to the floor unharmed.

George looks at him with a shit-eating grin and laughs.

LORI
(losing it)
Are you fucking crazy? After all we've been through?

NICK
Seriously, dude, what the fuck?

GEORGE
I heard you coming. Figured you should see it with your own eyes.

NICK
So, what? You're immortal now?

GEORGE
God, I hope not. Global warming's gonna be a bitch.

George wrestles the noose off and throws it away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I wanted to make things right. To give Him what He wanted. *

He stands up, rotating his neck like a boxer. It CRACKS.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So I took a bottle of painkillers, but just threw them up. Then I went to the garage and hooked a hose from the tailpipe inside the car. But the car kept stalling. Then I heard you coming, and...

George smiles.

NICK
The car's alternator must have been shot. And the beam was weak. It doesn't make any sense.

Both Nick and Lori are skeptical. George thinks.

GEORGE
Let's give it a real test, then.

125 INT. BATHROOM - LATER 125

They're all crowded in the small bathroom. George stands over the sink, holding a shiny razor blade over his arm.

GEORGE
Lengthwise, right?

He lightly traces the blade lengthwise down his arm.

LORI
Okay, just stop. This is insane.

George bows his head in spiritual reverence, then presses the blade into his skin. The first hint of blood. As he adds pressure --

LORI (CONT'D)
I'm going to be sick.

GEORGE
I'll be fine.

George takes a breath and pushes hard.

The blade snaps in half.

NICK
I -- I don't believe it.

He and Lori look at George, incredulous. A long beat.

125 CONTINUED: 125

LORI
You must have done something to remove yourself from Death's list.

GEORGE
(wisely)
I surrendered myself to the plan. *
To serve and place others before *
myself.

NICK
We did it. Somehow, we did it.

126 INT. GEORGE'S HOME - NIGHT 126

A cork POPS. Except it's the cap of a Martinelli's Sparkling Apple Cider.

George, Nick and Lori pour liberally. They toast.

GEORGE
To life.

They down their drinks. The weight has been lifted. A long beat as they consider each other.

LORI
So what do we do now?

GEORGE
Seems to me we've got another chance to serve the greater good.

NICK
How about we just live our lives to the fullest and call it even?

Nick and Lori laugh. George sips his apple juice.

GEORGE
That how you want your obituary to read? "He lived life for himself?" We're only given *one* moment to define who we are, and how we'll be remembered.
(beat)
The moment I decided to get into that car drunk with my wife and daughter was the defining moment of my life. Oh, I did my time in prison, paid my debt to society. But I'll forever be the guy who killed his family.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And I'll spend the rest of my life trying to make up for that decision.

Nick and Lori are stunned. George looks at Nick with intent, moving closer. This is important.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Something reached down from above and kept you alive for a higher purpose. You've got to figure out why you were given this chance. And when you do, make the right decision to define you.

Nick nods sincerely, George's message really sinking in.

Then Lori remembers something else that's important.

LORI
Oh my God -- Janet! We've got to tell her. She's probably losing her mind.

127 INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT 127

It's raging. We find Janet in the middle of a group of raunchy DANCERS, drunk off her ass, having the time of her life. A large DUDE is grinding her from behind.

She's YELLING into her cell phone.

JANET
No, I said that's great! What? I'm out at the New Amsterdam! I figured it was time I lived a little! And I was right!

She smiles as the Dude traces his hands over her body.

FADE OUT/IN:

128 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 128

Nick watches Lori sling her purse over her shoulder and head for the door.

NICK
You sure you want to go?

LORI
Janet's determined to see it, so I told her I'd meet her there.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

NICK
How's she doing? She seemed okay at Hunt's funeral, but things are so different now I can't tell.

LORI
She's good. Not the same as before, but good.

NICK
Promise you'll call?

Lori looks at him, amused.

NICK (CONT'D)
I know. I'm a big pussy, remember?

Lori goes to him and puts a hand on his cheek.

LORI
Don't you get it? That's why I love you.

A tender kiss, then she leaves. Nick smiles.

Life is good.

129 INT. NICK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER 129

Nick is packing clothes and supplies into two large backpacks. Clearly they're following through on their promise to travel through Europe.

Suddenly, a travel book slides off a pile of clothes onto the floor with a BANG!

As Nick reaches to pick it up, a mysterious BREEZE causes the pages to flip randomly, finally settling on a B&W photo of wounded WWII soldiers in hospital beds.

Nick'S POV -- the image shudders and wows until we:

SMASH CUT TO:

An insistent BEEP-BEEP-BEEP that sounds as if its underwater echoes over a series of images:

-- electricity arcs over a sheen of water on a white surface.

-- water snakes down a tangle of multicolored tubes suspended in mid air.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

-- blood seeps through tightly wrapped white bandages.

-- an enormous splash of bloody water mixed with pink meat splatters against a white wall.

SMASH CUT TO:

Nick jolts with shock -- *it's not over.*

He stumbles backwards into the coffee table, knocking the TV remote onto the floor. The TV starts switching channels on its own... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... finally stopping on a NEWS REPORT following up on the crash.

ON TV: FOOTAGE of a BURN VICTIM, bandaged head-to-toe.

ANCHORMAN
(on TV)
...John Doe, the unknown survivor of the NASCAR crash has finally been named now that the family has been notified.

The FOOTAGE dissolves to a photo of The Cowboy.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
(on TV)
Jonathan Groves was rescued from the rubble--

NICK
No..

Head spinning, Nick pieces it together.

NICK (CONT'D)
If I'd asked him to move, he'd already be dead...

ANCHORMAN
(on TV)
...Groves is now recovering in the burn ward of Mount Sinai hospital.

CLOSE ON TV -- the smiling photo of the Cowboy.

130 INT. HOSPITAL BURN WARD - DAY 130

The Cowboy (aka Jonathan Groves) lies in bed, wrapped in bandages and horribly burned. An oxygen tube snakes down his throat. Needles and tubes weave all over his body.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

His MOTHER crochets by his side. Cartoons BLARE from the crappy TV in the corner of the room.

On the bedside table is a PHOTO of his younger self (still wearing an oversized cowboy hat) next to his mother. He painfully taps a keypad by his side.

KEYPAD
(electronic voice)
Patch.

His Mother looks up from her crochet needle.

MOTHER
You know the rules, Johnny boy.

More tapping.

KEYPAD
Fuck. The. Rules. Mommy. Patch!

Her heart goes out to him. She looks around. ORDERLIES pass by the door, but they're not paying attention.

She pulls a nicotine patch from her purse and presses it into the charred flesh of his bicep.

CAMERA BOOMS up through the ceiling INTO:

131 INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 131

Upstairs, an OLD MAN (MR. SUBY) in a robe waits for a hydrotherapy tub to fill with water. Some socks and a pair of Depends sit on a nearby chair.

An ASIAN ORDERLY checks the dials and thermometer.

ASIAN ORDERLY
Feeling okay, Mr. Suby?

Mr. Suby can barely speak above a raspy whisper.

MR. SUBY
Ah, you don't care. Know how many of your kind I killed in Korea?

ASIAN ORDERLY
I'm Japanese, sir.

Mr. Suby grunts and waves -- *same difference.*

A NURSE pops her head in.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

NURSE
They need you in P.T. Three.

ASIAN ORDERLY
OK.
(to Mr. Suby)
I'll be back in a few minutes to help you into the tub.

The Orderly turns off the water and leaves his room.

But the closing door knocks an IV stand over onto the faucet lever, turning it back on FULL.

Gushing water fills the tub.

MR. SUBY
Hey. Hey?

After a moment, it begins overflowing.

Mr. Suby tries to stand, but can't pull himself up.

MR. SUBY (CONT'D)
Somebody... help!

But his hoarse voice barely registers.

All he can do is watch as gravity pulls the water along the tile floor until it pools at the end of the room.

132 EXT. MALL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 132

A large, busy mall with ample parking underground.

Near the main entrance, WORKMEN direct SHOPPERS to safe areas as a large crane prepares to hoist a massive air conditioning unit off the roof. A new unit sits on the back of a flatbed truck nearby.

133 INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 133

Lori and Janet wait for the elevator on a lower parking level. A posted sign reads, "Pardon Our Appearance While We Improve Our Look!"

Lori's cellphone RINGS. She checks the number.

LORI
It's Nick. Probably checking to see if he can join us.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

JANET
Don't answer it. He's the one who wanted to go to the race instead of the movie in the first place. Karma's a bitch.

A beat, then Lori pockets the phone without answering when the elevator arrives. As the girls enter --

LORI
He's gonna kill me.

134 INT. BURN VICTIM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 134

The Mother is at the door.

MOTHER
I'm popping down to the cafeteria to get you a smoothie. I'll be right back! Don't go anywhere.

Cowboy closes his eyes in frustration as she shuts the door behind her. A moment later, a drop of water splashes on his face.

He looks up and sees water stains on the ceiling tiles above him. Suddenly, water seeps through the tiles and drips onto his bedside table... Drip... Drip... Drip...

The drips get heavier and closer to the bed, soaking the photo in the middle of the table and moving towards his pumping respirator.

The drips become a steady stream.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! The heart rate machine beeps faster.

The water splatters his mother's compact mirror, soaking the rouge powder. The water on the compact makes his reflection look positively ghoulish.

The stream hits his respirator. It sparks dangerously.

A ceiling tile peels off, falling onto his IV tube, jerking it painfully where it's taped into his arm. The weight of the soggy tile tips over the IV stand, slamming the IV bag into the wall.

The tube, pulled taut by the tile, springs a leak. IV fluid trickles down the wall toward the outlet.

The respirator sparks again and begins to smoke.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

The Cowboy realizes he has to somehow move off the bed.

Eyes flashing with pain, he begins to pull the tubes and needles from his body -- a gruesome, painful sight. With every movement, blood seeps through his white bandages.

Another ceiling tile falls, landing on the remote control that adjusts the bed. The bed closes, bending the Cowboy's legs and back together like a Venus Fly Trap.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-POP! The heart machine shuts off.

Wires from the now-wet machine attach to electrode pads on his chest and head. He yanks off the pads.

He tries to slide off the bed, but the respirator tube snaking down his throat prevents him.

Tears rolls down his red, puffy cheeks as he pulls the tube from his throat -- inch by agonizing inch.

135 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY 135

Nick hangs up his cell while running up the stairs. George waits for him by the front door.

GEORGE
Where's Lori?

NICK
She won't answer her phone or text message.

GEORGE
Maybe it won't matter. Come on.

They enter the hospital.

136 INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 136

Mr. Suby bunches up a towel, aims for the faucet lever and throws. It doesn't even make it to the tub.

Instead, it falls on the floor. The flow of water pushes it to the center of the room, where it completely blocks the drain.

Mr. Suby watches in horror as the flooding worsens.

137 INT. HOSPITAL BURN WARD - CONTINUOUS 137

The tube finally removed from his throat, the Cowboy crawls off of his bed, away from the sparking equipment.

In agony, he lowers himself to the floor, leaving a snail's trail of skin, pus and blood.

138 INT. MALL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 138

DING! The elevator doors open. A burly CONSTRUCTION WORKER carrying two pails of nails joins Lori and Janet.

In the b.g., we hear a MUZAK version of "I'm On Fire".

The Construction Worker presses the 2nd floor button, then leans back to check out Janet's ass.

Janet sticks it out a little. Lori stifles a laugh.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
(singing softly)
Whoa-oa-oa, I'm on fire.

The floor indicator flashes "2".

DING! The door opens to reveal <u>one side of the 2nd Floor is under construction</u>. The Construction Worker gets out.

As soon as the doors close the girls bust out laughing.

139 INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 139

Mr. Suby weeps as the water rises to his ankles.

140 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 140

Nick and George are in an elevator crowded with PEOPLE.

GEORGE
How can there be someone else on Death's list? He didn't leave the stadium with us.

NICK
But if I'd asked him to move like I did in the premonition, he *would* have died. Instead, he survived. That's why you couldn't kill yourself.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

NICK (CONT'D)
It wasn't destined at all. Someone else on the list had to die *first*. *

GEORGE
So if he dies, I'm next again? Great.

By now, everyone in the elevator listening to them has taken a small step back -- *freaks*.

The elevator stops. DING!

141 INT. MALL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 141

Elevator doors open. But we're now with Janet and Lori as they walk onto the 3rd Floor of the huge, bustling Mall. The center hall soars three stories, with marble tiles and metal finish. A glass atrium provides natural light.

Lori checks her watch.

LORI
Crap. The movie's started.

JANET
There's another screening in a half hour. Let's go downstairs and have some fun.

LORI
Like what?

JANET
I don't know. Dye my hair, get a Brazilian wax, pierce my cootch...

LORI
Okay, who are you and what have you done with Janet?

142 INT. COWBOY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 142

The Cowboy keeps crawling. Close behind him, equipment sparks. Ceiling tiles fall like dominos, coming at him.

ON TV: Even the cartoons mock him with phrases such as:

CARTOON CHARACTERS
(on TV)
"I'm comin' for ya!" "You ain't getting away this time!" "Where are you gooooo-ing?"

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

The Cowboy drags himself to the far corner of the room, away from the pool of water just as the respirator explodes with a shower of sparks, its wires electrifying the water into a rippling pool of death.

He collapses, exhausted, unable to move further.

Suddenly, Nick and George burst through the door to find the Cowboy safe from the sparking equipment, panting.

NICK
Thank God--

A CREAKING sound. A sharp CRACK.

Then the hydrotherapy tub plummets through the sodden ceiling above, crushing the Cowboy and splashing the white walls with his chunky liquid remains.

143 INT. MALL - DAY 143

Lori and Janet try on shades at a sunglass cart in the middle of the atrium. There's a giant umbrella positioned over the cart to sell the idea.

A CLERK by the entrance to a toy store operates a remote controlled car, playfully bumping it into Lori's feet.

It's the same make, color and model as the Verizon Car from the opening crash.

Lori gets a chill -- *that's weird.*

144 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 144

Construction is underway in the massive unfinished space.

The Construction Worker from the elevator places his pails of nails near a Dolly laden with dozens of cans of paint remover, ammonia and other flammable solvents.

Some PAINTERS prepare for a lunch break.

PAINTER #1 turns off the industrial air blower used to dry painted walls. He sets it next to the Dolly.

PAINTER #1
Yo Frankie, you coming to lunch?

FRANKIE, a rotund myopic weasel, kills his welding torch and removes his protective goggles to reveal coke-bottle lens glasses.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

FRANKIE
Hooters or Chili's?

PAINTER #1
Hooters.

FRANKIE
Then gimme a sec...

He puts his glasses on the bench and pulls out a contact lens case. Painter #1 smirks.

PAINTER #1
Yeah, without the glasses you're Brad Fucking Pitt.

145 INT. MALL - LATER 145

Lori and Janet exit a shoe store. Lori has a sporty new pair of sneakers on. Janet appraises them.

JANET
Cute yet functional. It says, "I'm getting old but I'm still fun."

LORI
Bitch, I didn't buy 'em for you. Nick likes me in sneaks.

JANET
Then they're just to die for.

A shadow suddenly passes over them both. They look up.

THEIR POV -- through the skylight the air conditioning unit is being maneuvered by the crane.

JANET (CONT'D)
Well, that's genius. Someone could get killed.

LORI
(unnerved)
Yeah...

146 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY 146

Nick and George burst through the auNickatic doors and hurry across the loading area toward the parking lot. Nick is one stride ahead of George, who looks unsettled.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

GEORGE
I feel something...

NICK
I know, you're next. But if we keep an eye out for signs of danger, we've got a shot. We have to get to Lori and Janet--

GEORGE
No, it's... like this has happened before. My wife used to say: "Deja Vu is God's way of--"

WHAM! A speeding Ambulance splatters George OUT OF FRAME.

One second he was a step behind Nick, now nothing.

In the SAME SHOT, a stunned Nick runs to the Ambulance, which has skidded to an awkward stop fifty feet away.

He freezes when he sees the insignia on the side of the Ambulance -- the medical symbol of snakes wrapped around a staff, now smeared with blood.

147 INT. MALL - ESCALATOR 147

A suspended up/down escalator connects the 2nd floor with the 3rd Floor. Its glass railings are smeared with children's fingerprints.

Lori and Janet step onto the metal steps at the botNick landing platform.

CLOSE ON -- the plastic tip of a shoelace from Lori's new sneakers gets wedged between the sharp teeth joining the metal steps.

As Lori turns to talk to Janet, the lace tightens.

LORI
Hey... HEY!

She tries to pull loose but the lace tightens, trapping her foot inside the shoe as they rapidly approach the top of the escalator.

Lori leans over and tugs the lace to no avail.

The steel step rises to meet the exit plate. There are several broken teeth at the junction. We can just see the gears churning within.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

Lori's foot is quickly squeezed tight as the lace is sucked into the broken gap between the top landing platform and the step. The machinery WHINES. Her foot rolls awkwardly as the lace pulls shockingly tight.

Janet quickly reaches down and yanks the lace sharply. It snaps, causing Lori to stumble off the landing platform.

JANET
Jesus! Are you okay?

Lori looks at her torn lace, then the hole in the plate teeth, where the remains of her shoelace wriggles as it's sucked into the guts of the escalator.

LORI
Yeah.
(realizing, spooked)
I should've seen that coming.

148 INT. MALL - CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 148

A BREEZE ominously blows a plastic tarp covering the windows until it folds over in itself. A shaft of bright sunlight hits the glasses resting on the workbench.

The thick lens acts as a magnifying glass, focusing the sunlight onto a pile of sawdust.

In seconds, it smoulders, smokes, then bursts into flame.

149 INT. THEATER LOBBY - SAME TIME 149

THWIP-THWIP! Two tickets are spat out of a printer.

Lori and Janet stand at the ticket counter of a large multiplex. The ATTENDANT hands them the tickets.

LORI
You want something to eat?

JANET
Yeah. Something fattening.

150 EXT. MALL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 150

Nick's car abruptly SCREECHES to a stop in front of the mall, narrowly avoiding the workmen and pedestrians.

151 INSIDE NICK'S CAR 151

Behind him, a bus HONKS. He looks in the rearview mirror.

NICK'S POV -- there's an advertisement for on the front of the bus for **NEW LINE MOVIE.** The reflection of the ad shudders and wows:

SMASH CUT TO:

-- greasy gears rattle and spin in a dark space.

-- an impossibly bright sunburst against a blue sky dissolves to --

-- [**NOTE: an action based image from a New Line movie.**]

-- blue flame spits from the cracked valve of an Acetylene Tank, the world around it distorted as if falling. Then the tank explodes in SLO-MO.

And as a severed, white-stained arm floats PAST CAMERA:

SMASH CUT TO:

Nick grips the steering wheel with white knuckles.

NICK
Fuck that.

He bolts from the car, abandoning it at the entrance in a NO PARKING zone as the bus driver HONKS angrily.

152 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 152

The Breeze blows the plastic tarp off the window... past a lineup of full Acetylene Tanks... and wraps it around the Industrial Air Blower. Another gust catches the plastic on the power switch and turns it on.

The force of the Blower pushes it against the Dolly laden with flammable solvents, sending both Dolly and Blower rolling toward the growing fire.

THE CAMERA moves straight up through the ceiling to --

153 INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - CONTINUOUS 153

-- a stadium style theater, as Lori and Janet settle into their seats for the previews.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

Janet digs into her enormous bucket of popcorn. But Lori is preoccupied as she considers her surroundings:

-- In the corner, two teenagers spark up a joint, the flame from their lighter dangerously close to the curtains lining the wall.

-- A man in a wheelchair starts to roll down the aisle, until he catches himself and locks his wheels.

-- The promo on Janet's bucket of popcorn is for a movie called 'TIL DEATH DO WE PART."

154 INT. MALL - DAY 154

People stare as Nick runs through the mall.

A Sweepstakes Car is elevated on an angled platform. Some angst-ridden SKATEBOARDERS lean against it until a MAN yells at them to move away.

As they push off from the platform, it rocks dangerously.

155 EXT. THEATER ESCALATORS 155

Nick runs headlong up the escalator towards the theater lobby. He skids to a stop in front of the marquee.

NICK
You're kidding me.

The movie is playing in five of the eight theaters.

He looks at the long line at the ticket window, and runs to the door where the MANAGER is taking tickets.

NICK (CONT'D)
Please, I need to find my girlfriend. She's seeing **NEW LINE MOVIE**, but I don't know which theater. It's an emergency.

MANAGER
Let me guess. Mother died?

NICK
What?

MANAGER
Dog ate it? Flat tire? Migraine? Get in line and buy a ticket, kid.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

NICK
But--

The manager looks to a large SECURITY OFFICER standing nearby. He unfolds his arms and begins to walk over.

MANAGER
Buy a ticket or fuck off, okay?

Nick retreats, not sure what the best next step is.

Then another movie lets out. DOZENS of people fill the lobby and exit through side doors. Nick takes this opportunity to slip through the exit doors, sneak through the crowd and head for the theaters.

The Security Officer sees him across the crowded lobby and moves after him.

156 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 156

THUD! The rolling dolly bumps into a metal post, causing a can of paint thinner to tip over. It splashes out onto the floor, snaking its way towards the small fire.

WHOMP! A river of flame roars along the spilled liquid back beneath the Dolly and to the first Acetylene Tank.

The Blower blasts flaming liquid all over the room.

157 INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - CONTINUOUS 157

Nick runs through the door of a darkened theater.

NICK
Lori? Lori?!

Various patrons YELL back at him.

VARIOUS
Shut the fuck up! Be quiet! etc.

Nick turns to leave, but stops when he sees:

ON THE SCREEN -- **[an action based image from a New Line movie.]**

It's the image from his premonition.

158 INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER 158

As the movie plays, Lori looks warily around the theater.

Suddenly, the red "EXIT" signs on both sides of the screen flicker and die out.

LORI
Something's wrong...

JANET
No kidding. The reviews said this was good.

LORI
No, I mean something--

Before she can finish, Nick bursts into the theater.

NICK
Lori!? You in here?

Stunned and frightened, Lori stands up.

LORI
Nick!

Nick runs up the stairs and meets her.

NICK
(out of breath)
It's not over. George is dead. And I saw--

LORI
I know, I feel it! I see it!

NICK
We gotta get out of here.

A guy nearby calls out.

MOVIEGOER
So shut up and get out!

The rest of the audience APPLAUDS as Nick and Lori head back down the stairs. But Janet stays put.

JANET
I refuse to live like this, okay? Just go! You're both nuts!

Nick pulls Lori towards the exit, but she hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

LORI
Janet, please...

JANET
(unhinged)
Don't you get it? This is where I was supposed to be in the first place. Not that stupid race. I was meant to see this fucking movie!

159 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 159

Blue flame shoots from the cracked Acetylene Tank valve.

BOOM! The Tank finally explodes, fire roaring upwards --

160 INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - CONTINUOUS 160

-- and blowing a wide hole through the floor of the theater. Seats are lifted. Bodies are hurled in the air. A DOZEN PEOPLE are instantly vaporized.

Including Janet.

Nick and Lori are tossed backward. They barely recover when the floor lurches again from another BLAST.

They scramble to safety just a section of aisle collapses into the growing chasm. Rows of seats slide down the hole, dumping people into the fiery pit below.

Nick and Lori are the first survivors to run out.

161 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS 161

Fire surrounds the Dolly loaded with flammables and the pails of nails. The Tanks burn as if covered in napalm.

They quickly cook off in a series of terrible EXPLOSIONS.

162 INT. MALL 162

The walled-up store under construction disintegrates, sending flame and debris into the atrium. Hot nails ricochet everywhere, causing all kinds of bloody damage.

163 INT. MULTIPLEX LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 163

Nick and Lori lead the panicked crowds as they rush out of the complex. The Manager tries to calm the masses.

MANAGER
Please! Keep calm and no one will get hurt!

BOOM! A massive explosion beneath his feet splats him up against the lobby's ceiling like a squashed bug.

Nick and Lori barely make it through the front doors before another EXPLOSION decimates the concession stand, sending candy packages flying.

164 INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS 164

Nick and Lori stumble to the railing and look down.

Fire alarms BLARE. Smoke billows into the atrium space. PEOPLE run SCREAMING for the exits. It's pandemonium.

The concussive blast of another EXPLOSION shatters part of the glass ceiling, raining large shards to the floor below. Through the hole in the ceiling, we see the huge air unit swaying at the end of the crane wire.

Nick and Lori fight through the crowd to the escalators leading to the second level. They join the masses crammed onto the moving stairs, which slow under the tremendous weight and pressure.

CRACK! The combined weight of the people causes the escalator to split in half, sagging in the middle.

The escalator's glass restraining walls SHATTER. The rubber railings unspool like snakes. People fall forward and off the side, tumbling to the marble floor below.

Nick pulls Lori backwards toward the 3rd floor just as the metal step plates buckle and snap off beneath her feet at the botNick of the 2nd floor landing to reveal an ugly array of moving, greasy gears and chains.

Lori flails, trying not to fall into the escalator's churning innards as it shudders and sways.

Nick strains to hold on to her, wedging his feet against the metal sides. She grips his hand desperately.

164 CONTINUED: 164

NICK
Hang on!

But the escalator shakes and cracks further as survivors scramble back up to the 3rd floor landing.

Lori hand begins to slip from Nick's grasp --

LORI
Nick..!? Nick!

-- until the other shoelace from her new sneakers gets caught in the chewing gears and yanks her down, pulling her from Nick's grip.

Like Quint kicking at the shark in 'Jaws', Lori struggles to save herself, but is pulled screaming into the grinding machinery, eyes locked with Nick's as she dies.

NICK
LORI!

He's speckled with blood as she's ground into hamburger.

CRACK! Then the escalator collapses completely, sending Nick hurtling face first to the atrium floor amidst a maelstrom of debris.

Nick'S POV -- as the marble floor rushes towards him:

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- Nick'S EYE

ZOOM OUT TO a CLOSE UP of Nick in mid-stride. He gasps, totally disoriented until he hears --

GEORGE (O.C.)
... like this has happened before. My wife used to say: "Deja Vu is God's way of--"

We're back outside the hospital.

NICK
(realizing)
Look out!

We stay CLOSE ON Nick as he spins around in time for us to HEAR the wet SMACK as George is hit by the ambulance.

Nick reacts with horror. It was another premonition.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2) 164

NICK (CONT'D)
Lori...

But this time, he knows what's going to happen.

165 EXT. MALL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 165

Nick's car again SCREECHES to a stop in front of the mall, narrowly avoiding the workmen and pedestrians.

166 INSIDE NICK'S CAR 166

Behind him, a bus HONKS. He looks in the rearview mirror.

NICK
Yeah, I know already.

He bolts from the car, abandoning it at the entrance in a NO PARKING zone as the bus driver HONKS angrily.

167 INT. MALL 167

Nick runs past the people gathered around the Sweepstakes Car.

He searches the atrium for Janet and Lori until he sees something that catches his breath.

Nick'S POV -- a banner sign featuring an impossibly bright sunburst against a blue sky from his premonition.

And for the first time, we REVEAL it's the sign above the sunglass cart. Lori and Janet are trying on glasses just beneath it. He's found them.

168 AT THE SUNGLASS CART - MOMENTS LATER 168

Lori is surprised when Nick rushes up to her, sweating.

LORI
Hey babe! What are you doing here?
(to Janet)
Guess he really did want to come.

But Nick's intense expression changes her mood at once.

LORI (CONT'D)
Oh no. Oh my God.

Nick grabs her with intensity.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

NICK
Remember what George said? About serving a greater good? About defining myself?

JANET
What are you talking about?

NICK
You're supposed to die before me, right? But if I die before you, we destroy the list. You and Janet get a fresh start--

LORI
What happens?

NICK
An explosion will kill dozens of people. You're both gonna die. But I can stop it, because I know how it's gonna happen. I figured it out. The visions aren't just clues to how people are gonna die. They're also clues on how to save them.

Lori gets emotional, sensing where this is leading.

LORI
I don't... What did you see?

NICK
This is how I want to be defined.
(beat)
I love you.

Before she can say anything, he bolts.

LORI
Nick!!

Lori runs after him but falls behind as Nick darts through the crowded floor.

169 THE CONSTRUCTION SITE 169

Nick runs past the Construction Worker who was lugging the pails of nails, forcing him to step aside.

Nick turns a corner and bumps into a freshly painted wall, staining his arm white... just like the premonition. He stares at it in horror and wonder.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

He runs deeper into the construction site, searching frantically until he finds the Tank, blue flame shooting from its cracked valve.

Nick hefts the Tank in his arms, careful to aim the flames away from his face.

Then he rushes to the open window and hurls himself out.

THE CAMERA literally follows Nick as he free-falls towards the ground.

His premonition comes to life.

Nick'S POV -- blue flame spits from the cracked valve of the Tank, the world around it distorted as he falls.

Finally the Tank explodes in SLO-MO, flames roiling. It's surreal, dream-like... until Nick's severed, white-stained arm floats by and we:

FADE OUT:

Darkness. Then the sound of SIRENS rises as we:

FADE IN:

170 EXT. MALL - FRONT ENTRANCE 170

Fire engines, ambulances and police cars jam the area around the entrance. Onlookers gawk at the blackened section of wall and the shattered windows.

Off to the side, Lori and Janet numbly take in the scene.

JANET
You okay?

LORI
(gallows humor)
Sure. Unless I die, you're perfectly safe, right?

LORI (CONT'D)
Or the chain is broken and we're both off the list.

Lori sees Nick's car in the NO PARKING zone being lifted by a LifeLine Towing Truck.

LORI (CONT'D)
Either way, Nick's gone.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: 170

Her breath catches. Janet puts her arm around her.

JANET
I still don't understand the last thing he said. When he talked about George.

Lori smiles through the tears.

LORI
George said we're here for a higher purpose. And we have to decide who we are, and how we want to be remembered.
(beat)
Nick made his decision.

BEEP BEEP BEEP! The Tow Truck tries to angle Nick's car pa st the emergency vehicles and barricades. Back and forth, back and forth, the driver getting frustrated.

JANET
He saved my life.

LORI
He loved me.

The two of them comfort each other as the world moves around them. It's just about now we'd flash forward six months like all the other FINAL DESTINATION movies.

Instead, the Tow Truck driver guns his engine, pulling Nick's car at a severe angle.

SNAP! The chain holding Nick's car breaks. Free from the Tow Truck, it bounces heavily across the road, directly at Lori and Janet.

At the last second they leap over the barricades in order to avoid Nick's car as it smashes through the barricades and rams into the crane support legs. The crane shakes VIOLENTLY, straining under the unbalanced weight.

The Crane Operator wrestles with the controls, the entire cabin lurching.

The air unit sways dangerously.

A sharp CRACK as the heavy cable unspools.

Lori and Janet look up as a shadow swallows them.

170 CONTINUED: (2) 170

WHAM! With teeth-rattling intensity, five thousand pounds of air conditioning unit crush Lori and Janet into oblivion. There's nothing left but smashed concrete around a five foot crater.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END